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NATIONAL REVIEW

Scandals In Catholic Relief
by James MacGuire

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Sex Ed In Schools? William Bennett Speaks

• *JOSEPH SOBRAN ON FIDEL'S FAN CLUB* •

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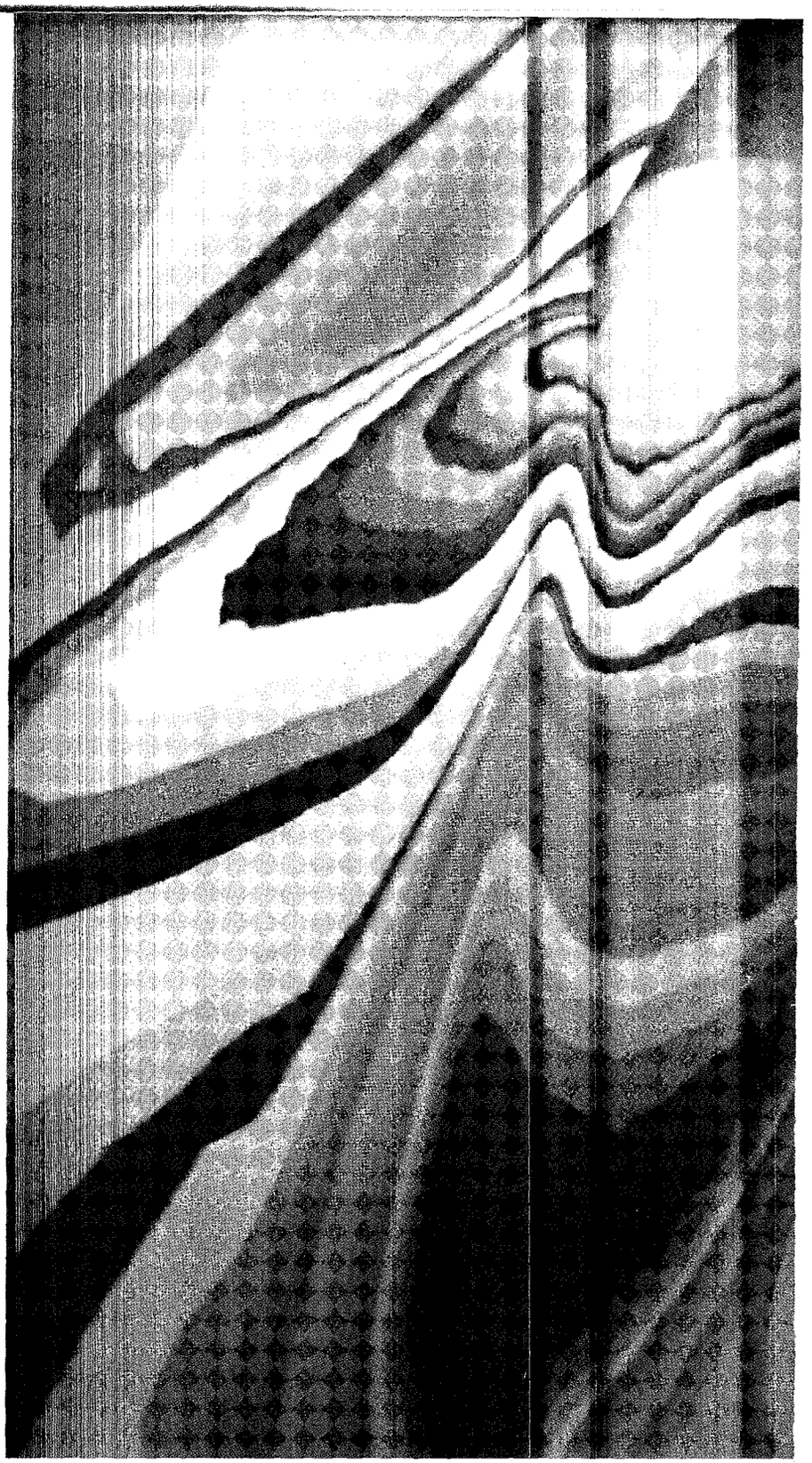

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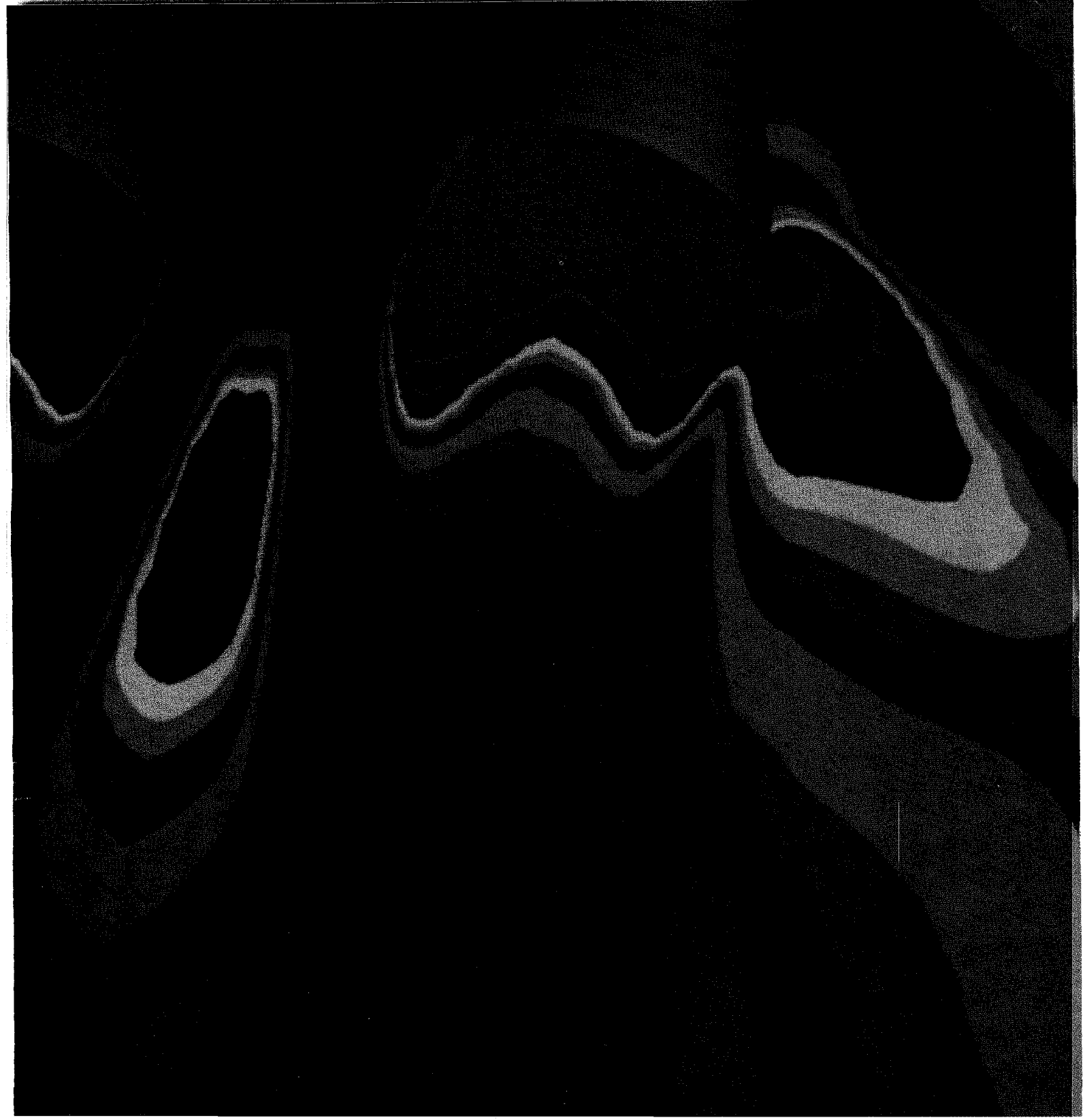

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Strange advice from the authors:

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But that's only the beginning, if the peaceniks have their way and Russia ever does take over. The alternative might be to spend the rest of your days up near the Arctic Circle.

Say, what's going on here? Has the Conservative Book Club suddenly started offering kooky books?

Not on your life — and we use those words advisedly. This one is by Robert Conquest, who probably knows as much about the Soviets as any Westerner alive today. Conquest, now a senior research fellow at the Hoover Institution, wrote the classic study of Stalin's reign of murder, *The Great Terror*. Co-author Jon Manchip White is the Lindsay Young Professor of English at the University of Tennessee. So you'll be reading a serious book about a grim possibility. This isn't a *1984*-style fantasy. *This book is based entirely upon what hundreds of millions have suffered when the Communists took over — but with ingenious variations added especially for America.*

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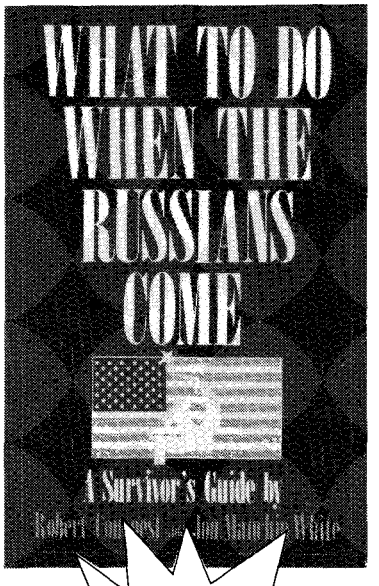
- The inevitable Resistance Movement: long and short term prospects. How you might become a part of it. What methods will work best.



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LETTERS

Fair-Weather Freedoms

David Wagner says "the sticking point is religion" ["Bill Bennett's Dilemma," June 19]. But what really throws a wrench in the works is Republican refusal to distinguish properly between private and public property. Fair-weather capitalism that preaches private property here and public monopoly there often leads to a dangerous corporatism. If one invokes private property when it comes to Sir James Goldsmith and public property when it comes to teaching morality in the schools, then you end up with the "free market" of a Robert Nozick, who sued his landlord, Erich Segal, when he found out that he could use such a mixed economy to collect on back rent control.

Since public property is owned by everyone, it's necessarily owned by no one. That's why we have private property, to go along with private religious preference. Baptists should be able to send their kids to schools that meet with their approval, just as parents in Harlem are beginning to have a say over whether their children attend a trade, technical, science, or other specialized high school.

But only privatization can equitably bring religion back into the schools. If Bennett or the Baptists try to cash in on the bankrupt public-education system by using its existing network to disseminate a "common culture," then we'll be forced to notice that a consensus can be worse than a conspiracy.

Eddie Blake
Hollywood, Calif.

One without the Other

In your discussion of the Supreme Court's Rotary Club decision ["The Week," June 5], you state that the right to "freedom of association" is "nowhere to be found either in the original Constitution or in the Bill of Rights." The First Amendment protects "the right of the people peaceably to assemble." Freedom of association is a necessary corollary of the right of assembly.

You are correct, however, in your criticism of the Court's habit of declaring rights and then ruling that it is permissible to violate them if some "compelling interest" demands it. If the First Amendment applies to the states, as the Court has ruled it does, then the states should not have the power to regulate the right of a group of men to assemble in a club.

William T. Barrante
Watertown, Conn.

Norms o' Plenty

In your May 8 issue, I find two of your best writers making the same lamentable error. Messrs. Hart and Neuhaus, in otherwise excellent essays on the modern decline of sexual morality, both make the appeal to authority ["'Safe Sex' and the Presence of the Absence" and "The Maneless Lions"].

Though both writers grant that a critical attitude toward tradition is permissible and even healthy, they seem able to defend tradition only by saying that it *is* tradition. This will not do.

Societies do indeed evolve, gathering to themselves by accretion much accepted wisdom, as Edmund Burke well knew. The myriad small agreements among men over the ages are so many more or less rational choices that make up a society's received authority. But these plain facts tell us nothing about whether the accretions and the choices have been the right ones. Does abortion somehow become righteous the longer *Roe* v. *Wade* goes unreversed by the Supreme Court, or in the event of widespread public acquiescence?

Pastor Neuhaus seems aware of the problem in his tale of the maneless lions, who cannot become the norm by virtue of being the average. But he can offer no solutions so long as he fails to make the argument (which he begins but then retreats from) that tradition, or at least the part of it worth keeping, has become tradition because it is rooted in the nature of things.

Homosexuality is wrong not because most human beings have chosen heterosexuality, or because all of history tells us so, in all the great books and decisions of civilized society. It is wrong because it is, quite simply, unnatural. It is only the most flagrant example of what George Gilder has called sexual suicide. Such assertions require arguments for support: arguments from the nature of man, from the existence of reason, from the possibilities of virtue and health of the soul.

Conservative theorists are fond of appealing to tradition in moral and po-

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litical arguments; and, when they are preaching to the choir, that may be sufficient. But even we in the choir should not be content with that.

If Hadley Arkes's *First Things* is as good as Joseph Sobran says it is, it is must reading for Messrs. Hart and Neuhaus.

Matthew J. Franck
Glendale, Wis.

Legal Tinder

Re: "The Streets Were Paved with Gold Diggers," by Peter Weber [June 5]: In this and other reviews of the endemic corruption in the administration of New York City, why is the Seabury investigation never mentioned?

This took place around 1931 and was an earth-shaking event. Seabury was a Brahmin-like descendant of the first Episcopal bishop of the United States, and a famous lawyer in his own right. The state legislature had given him tremendous powers of subpoena, and his basic method was to summon the bank records of those Tammany worthies under suspicion. He would then bring them to court and ask where the vast sums in their accounts had come from.

The most ingenious (and ingenuous) explanation came from one Tom Farley, sheriff of Manhattan. He said that there was, under his bed, an almost magical tin box. He simply reached into it and extracted the money. He swiftly was labeled "Tin Box" Farley. When the mayor, Jimmy Walker, was under cross-examination, he claimed that he found an unending source of funds in his private safe, and hastened to point out that it was not a tin box. "No," commented Seabury, "but it is a metallic receptacle." Roosevelt was governor, and the bad show was casting a cloud over his and the Democrats' presidential aspirations. He called Walker to Albany for interrogatories, and the upshot was the flight of Walker to England (flight by ship, of course) to escape income-tax probes by the IRS. The only sex in the entire Seabury exercise was Walker's abandoning his wife and taking his mistress abroad with him.

It developed that squads of the Tammany lads had amassed fortunes well up in the hundreds of thousands, real fortunes in those days. One J. J. McCormick, City Clerk, was way up there just by banking his tips from the conduct of marriages—a crime for which he went to jail and there died.

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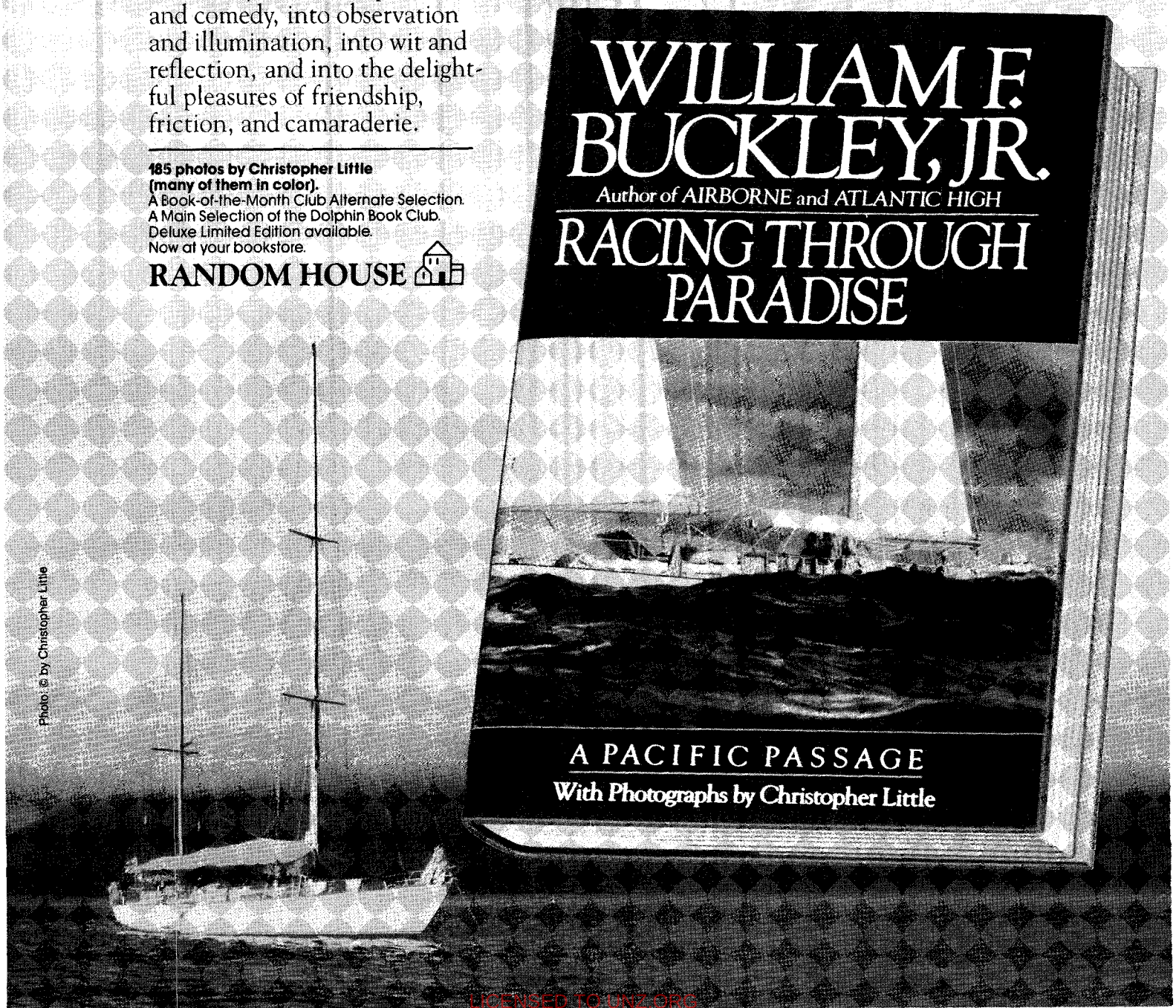
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hands, a period of honest city administration and, to the amusement of everyone, great relish in the capers of the Little Flower.

John Cusick
Sun City West, Ariz.

Hypocrisy till It Hurts

You complain about Harvard law professor and Massachusetts ACLU board member Randall Kennedy's wanderings from the true faith of absolute freedom of speech ["The Week," June 5]. Kennedy's Harvard and ACLU colleague Alan Dershowitz, Mr. Freedom till It Hurts, has similar complexes. Speaking at the annual dinner of the Los Angeles chapter of the American Jewish Committee, Dershowitz criticized Kennedy, saying that total freedom for freaks is the only way to guarantee freedom for the good guys. And suddenly, out of the other side of his mouth, he was justifying the extravagant punishment of Al Campanis.

When someone pointed out the inconsistency, Dershowitz was clearly taken aback. Why should Jewish Skokeegans have to put up with uniformed Nazis, but black baseball players not have to tolerate Campanis's maunderings? "I may have to rethink my position on that one," Dershowitz answered. But Campanis won't get his job back.

George A. Forsyth
Claremont, Calif.

Close to the Edit

"Who am I to tamper with a masterpiece?" said Oscar Wilde on being asked to revise his play *Vera*.

In my article on the longest and largest murder trial in Caribbean history ["Some Fell Slow," June 5], I am given to call Grenada's Maurice Bishop "the original Teflon leader." I don't even know what Teflon is. Then I am made to look even more of a fool than I am in saying that "U.S. Marines captured a full log of all the last Central Committee meetings of New Jewel." Marines were on Grenada only about a day and a half during the intervention; the huge haul of documents was captured by the 82nd Airborne and later edited for the State Department by Michael Ledeen and Herbert Romerstein. The chief of XVIII Corps' Intelligence Production Section, Major Eugene D. Seiter Jr., has written on their discovery in *Military Intelligence* for January-March 1985.

Geoffrey Wagner
New York, N.Y.

Tears of the White Man

In a society in which effeminacy has become a new social norm, and the masculine traits are consistently despised, Maggie Gallagher should not so indiscriminately condemn efforts to revalidate the male sex ["What Men Really Want," May 22]. When was the last time anyone dared to praise courage, honor, strength, decisiveness, and fighting spirit? Instead, political candidates tearfully vie with one another to show "sensitivity."

Nicholas Davidson
New York, N.Y.

My only point is, a guy can't reclaim his manhood by crying into his beer. —MG

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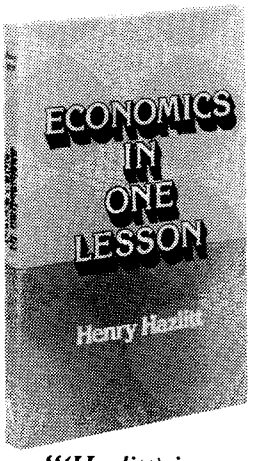

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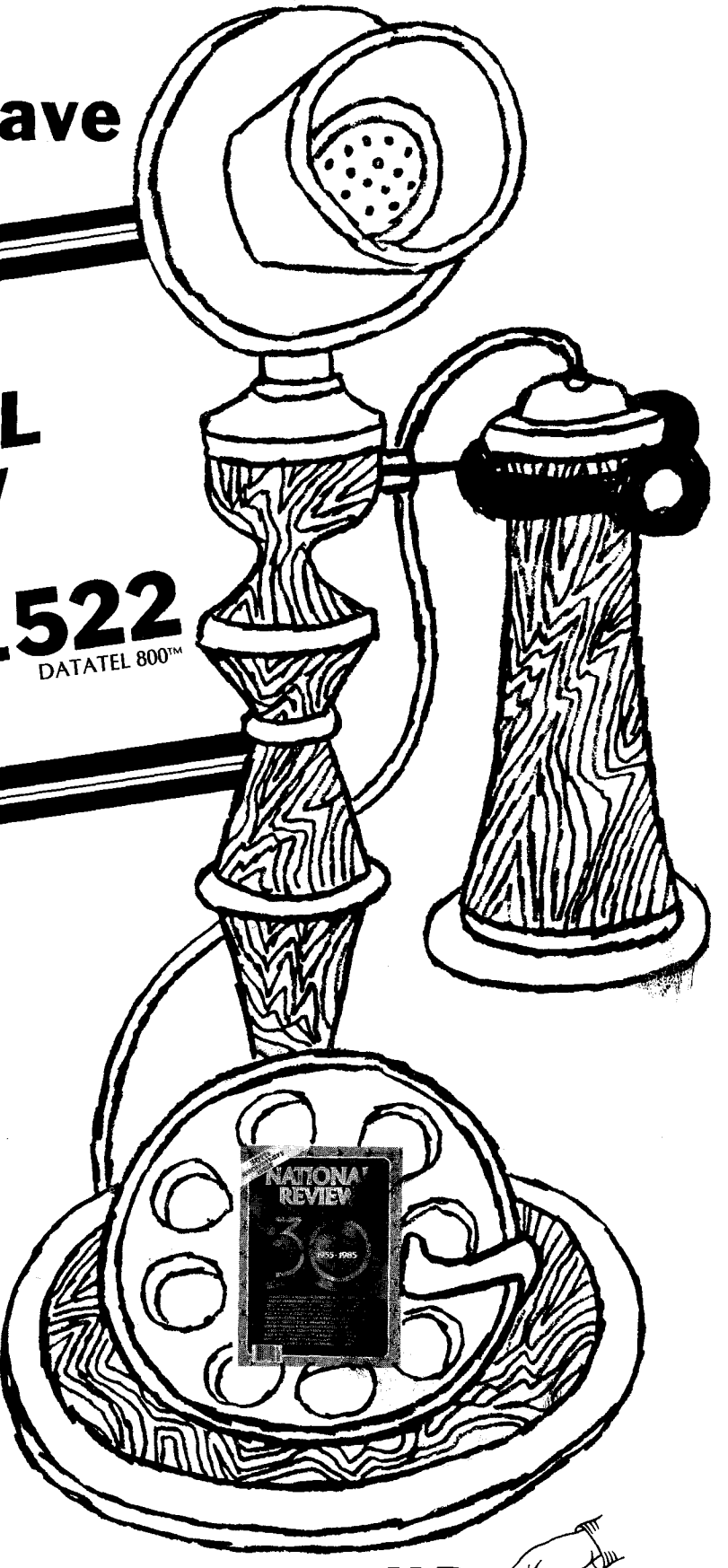

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FOR THE RECORD

Des Moines hosted Midwestern Republican Leadership Conference, and all would-be Republican leaders were there. **George Bush** got the prize slot, the big luncheon address, and, observers reported, aquitted himself blandly. "We're moving the ball on the ground just fine," Bush consultant **Rich Galen** said in Bush's defense. "Unless they make us put it in the air, why do it?" . . . Other candidates sniped at special treatment of the Veep. **Pat Robertson**: "He's running a Rose Garden campaign without the Rose Garden." **Alexander Haig**: "It's . . . important that the RNC . . . establish a level playing field." **Robert Dole**: "We are allowed to go into the city limits as long as we don't touch anything." . . . Sharpest attack on Bush came from **Pete du Pont**. Bush has lived in a "cocoon" for eight years. "How does [he] get the sort of wisdom that can be found only in the coffee shops and the living rooms and the county courthouses, talking to the American people?" . . . Democratic National Committee Chairman **Paul Kirk** predicts Bush will win the Republican nomination, and adds that Bush is the man he would most like as opponent because he could be put on defensive over Reagan record.

On Democratic side, it's official: Frontrunner is **Jesse Jackson**. Jackson tops latest *New York Times*/CBS poll (with 17 per cent) and **Teichner** poll in California (13 per cent); according to *Des Moines Register*, he trails only next-door neighbor **Richard Gephardt** (Gephardt, 24 per cent; Jackson, 13 per cent). "There's not much doubt about it," says pollster **Kevin Phillips**, "and also not much doubt about how uncomfortable it makes some Democrats." . . . Testing the waters: Rep. **Pat Schroeder**. "People have asked me to look at it seriously." Mrs. Schroeder was a signer of the fawning "Dear Comandante" letter to **Daniel Ortega**. . . . A shoal of **Gary Hart** operatives, including his national political director, has swum over to **Michael Dukakis**.

Dark horses: **Paul Laxalt** and **McClatchy** Newspapers called a truce in legal warfare. Four years ago, the papers carried story that IRS had evidence of illegal skimming at casino owned by Laxalt family. Laxalt sued for libel. McClatchy now admits "extensive discovery" has shown no skimming, and the libel suit has been dropped. . . . **George Will** is Clean for **Jeane (Kirkpatrick)**. "If she [runs], she will become the intensity frontrunner—the candidate with the largest number of passionate supporters." When asked if she would be a "favorite daughter" in the Maryland primary on Super Tuesday, the ex-UN ambassador replied: "I see no reason why not." . . . Front-runners for the Libertarian Party nomination: former GOP Rep. **Ron Paul** and Indian leader **Russell Means**. Paul is best known for his efforts to bring back the gold standard; Means, for leading a riot at Wounded Knee in the Sixties.

Washington Post/ABC News poll took some preliminary soundings of American opinion on the Persian Gulf: "Do you agree or disagree that the U.S. should maintain a military presence to protect our interests in the region?" Agree: 75 per cent. Disagree: 24 per cent. "How much confidence do you have in the U.S. military's ability to defend itself?" Great deal: 46 per cent. Some: 42 per cent. Very little: 10 per cent. None: 2 per cent. Should "the United States take all steps, including the use of force, to ensure an adequate supply of oil from the Middle East?" Agree: 57 per cent. Disagree: 39 per cent. . . . There must have been a blue moon: A leftist found an uncongenial campus. **Tom Hayden** canceled a commencement address at Cal State San José when Vietnamese students threatened to demonstrate outside the auditorium. "These people . . . are remnants of the Saigon police state that lost the war," Hayden said, "and they show, obviously, that they have learned nothing about freedom since coming here." . . . Oops. *L'Express*'s special May 22 issue on **Gorbachev** and *glasnost* was not written by the three reporters originally assigned to story: Soviets never gave them their visas. . . . As the trial of **Bernhard Goetz** enters the home stretch, an NBC poll of New Yorkers finds 61 per cent believe Goetz was right when he shot the four black teenagers, 21 per cent think he was wrong. Interesting: A plurality of blacks believes Goetz was right (right: 48 per cent; wrong: 31 per cent). . . . Note to **Yasir Arafat**, on birthday of PLO, from Daniel Ortega: "I am pleased . . . to express our solidarity and firm support for the noble struggle of the Palestinian people, who fight for their legitimate and inalienable rights over the territories occupied by Israel."

Not a party town. In **Khomeini**'s Teheran, courts reported 6,400 sentences of physical punishment over 12 months ending last March, including 1,100 sentences of flogging for sexual and alcohol offenses. . . . Soviet fad for personal computers is wearing off. Problems: The machines are lousy, and the Soviets forgot to make software. Exception: Chess champ **Gary Kasparov** donated 26 Atari-130s to the Kompyuter youth club.

Williams, *London Daily Telegraph*/Rothco

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THE WEEK

☐ Forget Star Wars. Beef up the Cessna fleet.

☐ The Joint Congressional Committee on Pro-American Activities went into its familiar high-dudgeon mode concerning Under Secretary of State Elliott Abrams's putative deceptions regarding secret aid to the anti-Communist forces in Nicaragua. But its wrath slumbered when its own lawyer deliberately falsified Abrams's December testimony to the Senate Intelligence Committee. The quick-witted Abrams noted that the lawyer, Mark Belnick, had somehow read aloud a "no" from the transcript where Abrams had actually said "yes"—i.e., he *had* discussed fundraising with the NSC staff. Belnick nearly got away with it—and on national television. That's what in other contexts is known as "lying to the American people."

☐ The wonder is, nobody's advertising how to have safe intravenous drug abuse.

☐ In upholding, 6 to 3, pre-trial detention for dangerous criminals, the Supreme Court has effectively ruled that prosecutors and judges may take realistic cognizance of the facts of life: For many defendants, crime is a career or a habit, not a sudden fling. And there's no such thing as a "speedy" trial any more (not that most defendants are complaining). Chief Justice Rehnquist, for the majority, laid down tough conditions for the prosecution and protections for the accused, but ultimately put public safety first. The ACL-you-know-what didn't like it one bit. Those are the breaks, though. After all, the Constitution is a living document.

☐ Radio Martí, which broadcasts 17 and a half hours per day to Cuba, celebrates its second birthday as a resounding success. Information coming from Cuba indicates that it is widely listened to and that its audience includes members of the Castro regime. Castro, assisted by liberals in Congress, tried to kill it at birth. But it has done such a solid job of reporting the news that the Cuban media themselves have come under pressure to improve their performance. If it is the only means of finding out what's going on in Cuba, why not turn on Radio Martí? Castro does not back down easily. Two Cuban exiles who are regular Martí commentators have received in the mail packages containing explosive devices. Communism, Al Capone style.

☐ Three important developments in the unfolding South African story. 1) In the recent parliamentary elections, the moderate Center-Right—which is to say P. W. Botha's National Party (NP)—increased its majority, attracting for the first time votes from large numbers of South Africans of British descent who, like Botha, believe in liberalizing, even abolishing, apartheid, but oppose sharing power with the black majority. International pressures on Botha have strengthened rather than weakened him with the white electorate. 2) Botha demonstrated his new strength by paying a ceremonial visit to Sharpeville, the native township where police shot and killed 69 black rioters in 1960. He was greeted courteously—to the surprise of the international press. 3) The Reverend Leon Sullivan (a director of General Motors) has come out for a total economic embargo against South Africa, a pullout of all American companies still operating there. Although U.S. companies are not likely to comply, this was a major setback to black progress in South Africa. The Sullivan Principles (equal pay, promotions, etc.) under which most U.S. companies operate in South Africa have done much to improve the lot of black workers there.

☐ Dobroslav Paraga, a Croatian human-rights activist, was tried in Zagreb in April for attacking prison conditions in Yugoslavia. He got off with three years, suspended, thanks to the presence of American, British, and West German diplomats in the courtroom. Paraga was lucky. Ernest Brajder, a Croatian Jew who had worked with him on an earlier human-rights protest, was tortured to death in jail. Meanwhile, to the south, police broke up angry demonstrations in Kosovo, where secessionist Albanian sentiment has been building for years. Yugoslavia has gotten good press—for its foreign-policy "independence," worker Communism, etc., etc.—for years. So it is necessary to remind ourselves from time to time that Yugoslavia is the most fragile multi-ethnic state of Eastern Europe—an unstable situation made worse by an oppressive, socialist government. Communism is equally rotten whether it's Made in Moscow or home-grown. The Yugoslavs have forty years of bad experience.

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Beethoven, Symphony No. 3 (Eroica) Academy of Ancient Music/Hogwood. "Best of 1986"—Time L'Oiseau-Lyre *DIGITAL* 115535

Dvořák, Symphony No. 9 (New World) Chicago Symphony/Solti. London *DIGITAL* 115168

Handel, Water Music The English Concert/Pinnock. "Perfect 10"—Digital Audio Archiv *DIGITAL* 115306

André Previn: Gershwin Rhapsody In Blue, Concerto in F, more. Philips *DIGITAL* 115437

Ravel, Daphnis et Chloé (Complete) Montreal Symphony/Dutoit. London *DIGITAL* 115520

Mozart, Requiem Leipzig Radio Choir; Dresden State Orchestra/Schreier. Philips *DIGITAL* 115039

Music Of Spain, Vol. 5 Julian Bream, guitar. "Electrifying."—Gramophone RCA *DIGITAL* 114746

Bach, Organ Works Daniel Chorzempa. Philips *DIGITAL* 115193

Wagner, Orchestral Highlights From The Ring Vienna Phil./Solti. London *DIGITAL* 115426

Slatkin Conducts Russian Showpieces Pictures At An Exhibition, more. RCA *DIGITAL* 154358

Debussy, La Mer; Nocturnes Boston Symphony Orchestra/Davis. Philips *DIGITAL* 115068

Mozart, Symphonies Nos. 40 & 41 (Jupiter) Chicago Symphony/Levine. RCA *DIGITAL* 104810

The Canadian Brass: High, Bright, Light & Clear Baroque gems. RCA *DIGITAL* 144529

Rimsky-Korsakov, Scheherazade Vienna Philharmonic Orchestra/Previn. Philips *DIGITAL* 115415

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LETTER FROM WASHINGTON

WITH LESS than eight months remaining before Iowa, former Delaware Governor Pierre "Pete" du Pont just may be poised to challenge the front-runners. George Bush has lost some ground (though less than anyone expected) owing to his perceived role in the Iran-Contra affair, with his lead narrowed to seven points over Bob Dole. Curiously, Dole is also losing ground, as former Bush supporters gravitate toward the second-tier candidates: Haig, Kemp, Laxalt, du Pont, and Robertson. "The polls show tremendous softness, especially among the front-runners," says a Kemp campaign aide. "The voters are starting to look past name recognition."

No single candidate is seen as the dominant beneficiary of the ebbing enthusiasm for the top echelon; no second-layer aspirant has gained more than a percentage point or two. Yet media observers are almost unanimously praising du Pont, notably for his early June performance at the Iowa Republican Conference and his debate with Bruce Babbitt. Although du Pont has yet to show any real movement in the polls, his reform proposals for Social Security, farm policy, and welfare have won considerable press acclaim. Predictably, other candidates wrote off these accolades as the musings of bored journalists. "There's some media fascination with the way Pete's running his campaign," notes a strategist working for a Republican rival, "but that's only because he's such a dark horse." Prediction? "If he were really in the race, the press would be vivisecting his views and mauling him." Watch out, Pete. First they build you up, then they tear you down.

Alan Greenspan's appointment to succeed Paul Volcker as head of the Federal Reserve Board is expected to bring no sweeping changes in monetary policy, say savants here, except a less monocular focus on inflation. President Reagan regards Greenspan as "safe"—i.e., able to calm the inevitable fears aroused by Volcker's exit. In one sense, the Volcker succession was forced: The chairman's resignation on the eve of the Venice Summit left the President with little alternative but to appoint a low-risk candidate. "Going into the Summit, Reagan had to assuage Allied concerns," says a White House aide. "That was paramount."

Greenspan probably gives Reagan yet another ally at the Fed, as all six other members are Reagan appointees and staunch proponents of banking deregulation. Although Greenspan definitely has a mind of his own, and will push for solutions to the budget and trade deficits (probably even discreetly advocating a tax increase), nevertheless, he will work to prevent the minor recession at the end of 1988 that he himself earlier predicted.

So, watch for the economy to be pumped up to maintain growth for the election year. That, in combination with Gramm-Rudman-Hollings exerting a restraining moral force on Congress, augurs well for a lower deficit, helping to move us away from an over-reliance on foreign capital. If that capital were to be cut off precipitately, the deficit is of such proportions that a stifling rise in interest rates and a probable recession would ensue.

The good news being circulated by Republicans here, by the way, is that the deficit for FY '87 will probably come in at $165 billion, which is the lowest in the 1983-87 expansion, and $56 billion below 1986's $221 billion. All of which—including the Greenspan appointment—adds up politically to a plus for George Bush.

Why isn't Bill Bradley running for President? "I'm not ready," explains the former Princeton All-American—which, depending on your point of view, is either unwonted humility among politicians, or the ultimate in arrogance (assuming that the office is his for the asking as soon as he thinks he is "ready"). Paradoxically, every day Bradley spends not running, he appears to magnify his electability, proving, we guess, that the American public wants most what it can't have.

Democrats looking to Bradley as a savior, however, should note a hard fact about their party's nominating process. As electable as the New Jersey senator might be in a general election, he'd first have to make it through the primaries—no easy feat in view of his yes votes on Contra aid and SDI, both of which are anathema to most Democratic-primary voters. Bradley's moderate stances on economic issues (he's anti-tax and anti-protectionism) make the still-powerful left wing of the party suspicious.

This heightened interest in Bradley may obscure the obvious: If he were now an announced candidate, he'd be on an equal footing with Dukakis, Gephardt, Babbitt, and the rest. The longer Bradley avoids Eighth Dwarf status, the more powerful his would-be candidacy becomes. But the door won't stay open forever. "Bradley would be harder to beat than anyone they've got now," says one GOP campaign strategist, "but if he doesn't get in before Iowa, he's out." —CATO

☐ The State Department has published an oversized, 250-page report on human rights in Nicaragua, which, coming on the heels of the Iran-Contra deal, reminds us why all those White House machinations occurred in the first place. The Communist government in Managua regards any person who is not explicitly pro-Sandinista as a potential threat to the Revolution. Churchmen, businessmen, dissident writers, and former Sandinistas are routinely harassed, arrested, interrogated, tortured, and—occasionally—killed. Details of their ordeals are graphically documented in the State Department's report. When the debate about funding the Contras is resumed this summer, these findings ought to carry weight. But most congressmen are interested only in accounts of repression in Chile or South Africa.

☐ On May 1, Sister Teresa Benedicta of the Cross, born Edith Stein, was beatified, marking the first beatification of a Jewish convert in modern times. An unseemly quarrel has erupted over the Catholic Church's elevation of Sister Teresa, who died in

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Auschwitz after refusing an offer of sanctuary that did not include her sister Rosa Stein. James Raphael Baaden, an American Jewish writer working on a biography of Edith Stein, sent a letter to the Vatican asking how a woman who was killed because she was Jewish could be a Christian martyr. The Reverend Ambrogio Eszer replied: "To me it is very clear that the motive of the Nazi action was *odium fidei*, hatred against the Church." Sister Teresa was rounded up, along with other Catholic converts from Judaism, after Dutch bishops protested Nazi anti-Semitism.

☐ Ingredients of a legal state song: "It's terrible." It only sounds good "after four drinks." It should be the "state dirge." "I can't believe we're doing this." Such were the comments of California legislators on approving "I Love You, California," and turning down one everybody likes, "California, Here I Come." We are never going to understand state legislatures.

☐ You'll be glad to know that federal butterfly-killing charges against the city of Rancho Palos Verdes, California, have been thrown out of court. Apparently the federal butterfly police moved in when the city converted a vacant lot into a baseball field. We do not always understand butterfly police, either.

☐ Miami prostitute Wendy Ann Blankenship, 19, learned two years ago that she has the AIDS virus. Nevertheless she continues to ply her trade. In an interview by phone, from prison, she told the *New York Post*: "You just can't tell everybody you go into a car with that you have it . . . I usually carry condoms, but most of my clients don't want to use them. . . . I don't feel bad—all the girls out there are doing the same thing." The sentence for prostitution in Miami is sixty days. There's no law on the books that defines attempted murder in such a way as to apply to Miss Blankenship's attempted murders.

☐ Uh-oh. At least ten people have been killed by industrial robots in Japan in recent years, all in mysterious circumstances. The machines are said to turn themselves on, and sometimes grab and throttle their victims with mechanical arms. The wire-service story was headlined: "It's the Attack of the Killer Robots."

☐ You probably didn't know there was a guvmint cookbook. But think! If the Feds are going to pass out all that money for school lunches, the Feds are going to write the recipes. You can imagine what comes next, or if not, here is a sample: peanut-butter-and-beef-jerky sandwiches (you boil the beef and serve it with the peanut butter, mayonnaise, and mustard). Or tuna shortcake. Or macaroni and cheese with 1,911 milligrams of sodium per serving—enough to cause coronary occlusion on the spot if the kids ate it, which of course they do not. After 15 years of this, USDA bureaucrats are very gingerly looking for a few new recipes, and have actually hired a private contractor to devise some. This involves testing recipes in batches of 25, then fifty, then one hundred servings (all guvmint recipes, including food, are for large, round numbers), and feeding the experiments to helpless derelicts. It also involves taste tests in competition with fast-food chains, which is where the kids go after one look at school-cafeteria fare. To its credit, the private contractor has developed six or seven new recipes already, and is trying hard to cut down on salt and guvmint-surplus table fat (cf. Dairy Price Support Program). There are still people who measure progress by the depth and breadth and girth of the guvmint.

☐ Vice President Bush made one of those visits that politicians make, spliced a gene, and was awarded a Certificate of Splicemanship.

☐ ERRATUM: The June 19 "Letters" section gave the wrong address for the "William J. Casey Fund for the Nicaraguan Freedom-Fighters." The correct address is: Glenwood Road, Roslyn Harbor, N.Y. 11576.

☐ Hey—is this the *bicentennial* of the Boland Amendment, or what?

☐ Is it okay to treat the Boland Amendment as a Living Document that has to be adapted to our time?

☐ Does it have any of those *penumbrae* or anything in it?

☐ Congressman Barney Frank has made it official: He's gay. Frank reportedly made the announcement in order to combat rumors that he's a Massachusetts Democrat.

Two Ways to Zero

EVEN IF WE TOOK all our intermediate- and short-range missiles out of Europe, we'd have plenty of nuclear firepower left there, wouldn't we?

This argument might be called track two of the Administration's push for an autumn arms-control Summit. Track one is the old familiar rhetoric of disarmament and arms control—making a safer world, historic opportunities, giving peace a chance, et cetera, et cetera: Self-generating stuff, for the most part, which the Administration need do little, beyond an occasional balloon from Howard Baker or the President, to float. Track two is for hard-heads: cold-eyed folk who never put much stock in universal peace or human nature, but who can be kept in line so long as the force balance sheets look reasonably in

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order. Its exponents tend to be current or former Administration figures like Richard Perle.

In the latest issue of *Foreign Affairs*, Christoph Bertram, the diplomatic correspondent of the West German weekly *Die Zeit*, gives a handy rundown of the track-two balance sheet. Even if all intermediate- and short-range missiles were withdrawn, Western Europe would be left with the following nuclear arsenal: "Four hundred warheads on U.S. strategic submarine-launched missiles assigned to the Supreme Allied Commander Europe; . . . the nuclear-armed cruise missiles on U.S. warships operating in European waters; the 72 Pershing I missiles operated by West Germany whose nuclear warheads are under the sole control of the United States . . . ; up to 4,600 'tactical' nuclear warheads for use by fighter-bomber planes, [battlefield] missiles, and artillery; and finally the British and French [nuclear] forces."

That looks like a big nuclear wallop. But making a strategic tally is never just a matter of counting weapons; it requires an analysis of uses and functions. Bertram runs down the checklist a second time and finds each item wanting.

—Strategic submarine-launched missiles: "a political gesture of very limited military relevance," since "it is almost inconceivable . . . that an American President would threaten the immediate use of these strategic weapons to cope with any conventional Soviet aggression limited to Europe."

—Sea-launched cruise missiles: "not at present tied to the European theater."

—Pershing I's: "aging, vulnerable, . . . unlikely to be modernized."

—Tactical warheads on fighter-bombers: increasing "the number of nuclear aircraft raise[s] the old dilemma that they might be needed more urgently in a conventional role."

—Tactical nukes generally: "they presuppose the least likely of all military uses— . . . in the early phases of a conventional conflict and on the territory of the defending country" (broiled Hamburgers, anyone?).

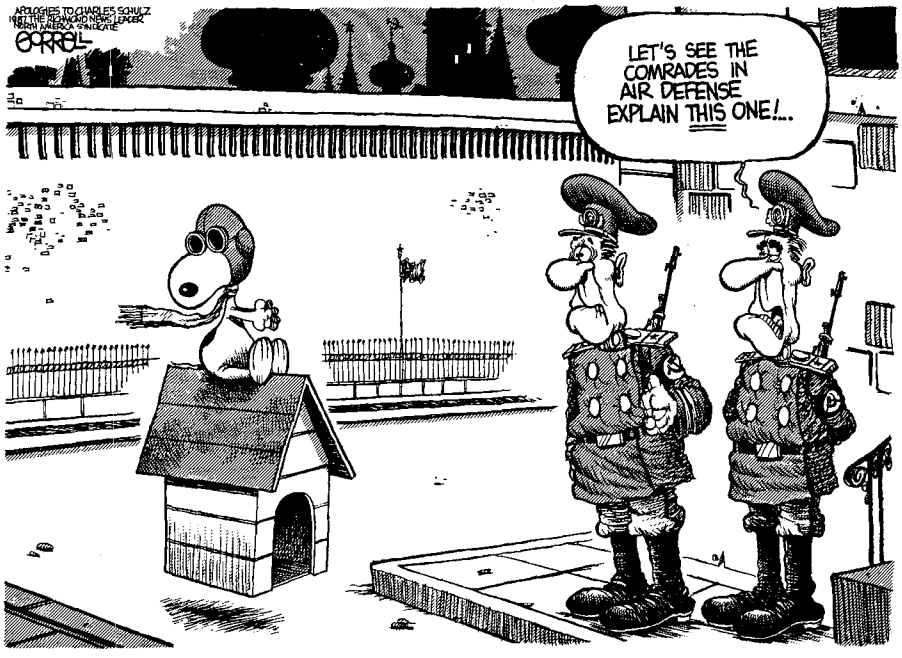
—The French and the Brits: "because of minimal size [their forces] cannot be expected to provide extended deterrence to the Alliance's non-nuclear members."

Thus track two leads in the same direction as track one: nowhere. The intermediate- and short-range missiles, it seems, were first put into Western Europe for a reason: because the array of other nuclear weapons did not credibly offset the conventional might of the Warsaw Pact.

During the freeze campaign of unblessed memory, the Left's continuous refrain was: We *already* have enough missiles to destroy the world two (or ten, or umpteen) times over. How sad that the Reagan Administration is putting out, for the consumption of the hard-headed, a variant of the same stale line.

The Pro-American Activities Committee

IN THE BAD old days, such congressional committees as the House Committee on Un-American Activities conducted investigations on Communist subversion, plotting, and espionage. The current Iran-Contra hearings have spun the coin around. Congress is not interested in the vast network of Ben Linders building Communism in Central America, some forty thousand Americans having made the pilgrimage to Nicaragua in the last five years. The Communist regime there has the support not only of Havana and Moscow but also of the officials of the mainline American churches, of an established academic network, of much of the media, and, now, effectively, of the U.S. Congress.



What has emerged in the hearings now taking place is this: The Administration made an end run around congressional tergiversations on Nicaragua. The performance of Congress, over a period of several years, has been disreputable. On Monday, aid to the anti-Communist guerrillas was on; on Tuesday it was off; on Wednesday we were to give only "humanitarian" aid. On Thursday, $100 million was voted for military aid.

Serious foreign policy doesn't operate that way. Men are putting their lives on the line in Nicaragua

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in the anti-Communist cause. As things stand, they live or die according to the whim of Christopher Dodd and Stephen Solarz.

Faced with this lethal congressional frivolity, the Administration clearly decided to raise money from other, extra-U.S. sources (including, oddly enough, Iran, which paid a big mark-up on the weapons it bought). Saudi Arabia, Israel, the Sultan of Brunei, and, apparently, Peking were part of the equation. On a visit to the Oval Office, King Fahd of Saudi Arabia informed the President that the Saudis were prepared to double their aid to the Contras, from $1 million per month to $2 million. And, yes, down the road, the Saudis might like another AWACS or two. In any case, the money flowed to the Nicaraguan anti-Communists, whose fighters are in the field, their numbers growing. They may in fact succeed in making the Sandinistas' Nicaragua ungovernable.

And so we come to the famous Boland Amendment, which in its operative form forbade, for a while, "direct" or "indirect" support for the Contras by "intelligence" agencies. The Administration made a tactical error in failing to challenge the constitutionality of this "amendment" when it was passed. In any event, Congress itself nullified the amendment's moral thrust when, on Thursday, it voted the $100 million in military aid.

"Miss Hall entered the hearing room in electrifying fashion, bathed in the white floodlights, dressed in a black-and-white zebra-style print blouse and a knee-length skirt with a slit in the back."

Yeah. That's where we are. If the Reagan Administration were not apparently paralyzed on the point, it would have taken the political offensive on Nicaragua, and the hearings would be seen universally as the farce they actually are.

Global Self-Police

FRED IKLÉ, the veteran arms-control expert and current Under Secretary of Defense for Policy, writes on the *New York Times* Op-Ed Page that he'd simply oppose *any* arms-control treaty right now. Why? Because Congress, in its present temper, would ignore Soviet violations, insisting only on U.S. compliance.

Iklé points to Congress's failure to respond to clear evidence that the Soviets have blatantly transgressed against both the 1972 Anti-Ballistic Missile Treaty and the 1979 SALT II Treaty (never ratified, but held to constrain the United States).

"The answer," says Iklé, "is not simply to ask for 'better' verification. Verification is to compliance what a detective bureau is to criminal justice. While good detective work is necessary to collect evidence, the incidence of crime will not be reduced—no matter how good the detectives are—if the prosecution doesn't know what to make of the evidence, if the judge throws out the evidence, or if the enforcement agency is intimidated by the criminals."

Good, clear thinking. And also an indirect comment on congressional scruples about anti-Communist measures in Central America while the Sandinista "revolution without borders" continues uninhibited.

Exit Volcker, Enter Greenspan

IN AN IDEAL WORLD, it wouldn't matter who was chairman of the Federal Reserve. Yet national monetary policies for nearly two decades have been built upon shifting theories and seat-of-the-pants judgments. The result has been wild gyrations in prices, interest rates, and exchange rates, making world commerce extremely vulnerable to the whim of central bankers.

Paul Volcker's on-the-job training began with ineffective control of accelerating inflation (July 1979 through 1980), followed by a brutal monetary crunch (April 1981 through 1982). He is not fondly remembered for those first three years; rather, for artfully avoiding such extremes since 1983.

Alan Greenspan, Volcker's successor, has not had the best of records as a forecaster or policy advisor. As Gerald Ford's chief economic advisor, he at least tolerated the WIN-button approach to inflation, as well as an aborted plan to impose surtaxes on affluent taxpayers in late 1974. An early advisor to David Stockman, Greenspan helped delay the reduction of individual income-tax rates until 1983, and enthusiastically supported the tax increase in the middle of the 1982 recession. In the spring of 1982, with the dollar soaring and commodity prices collapsing, Greenspan thought it unwise for the Fed to ease, even a little. Not having much faith in either tax incentives or monetary relief, he failed to anticipate the 1983 recovery. In August of 1984, though the Fed had been tightening for months, Greenspan opined that the dollar would soon fall. He repeatedly argued that interest rates were solely determined by budget deficits rather than by the Fed, thus failing to predict or understand why interest rates fell so dramatically in the past two years.

Greenspan's position on exchange rates has been characteristically obscure. He first attributed the rising dollar to anything except tight money, then claimed

Protectionist Baggage

As Mr. Gephardt clears the deck
  And tries to win the toss,
A big bird draped around his neck
  Flaps like an albatross.

W. H. VON DREELE

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The Singular Threat to the Atlantic Alliance

Excerpts from the address of Henry A. Kissinger at Aachen, West Germany, on receipt of the Karlspreis [Charlemagne Prize] Award, May 28, 1987.

WHEN THE Atlantic Alliance was formed, it was assumed that the threat to peace was similar to recently familiar totalitarian phenomena: a large-scale invasion across sovereign borders with the avowed aim of domination of the world by military means. Since then, it has become clear that the Soviet challenge is both more complex and more subtle. It rests on what Marxist-Leninists consider the correlation of forces, but that correlation can be shifted gradually and patiently by pressure, by ambiguity, and occasionally by exploiting the West's desire for peace and its diversity of views on how to achieve that end. . . .

Today every debate about security is conducted with arms control as its centerpiece. Arms control indeed is on the verge of becoming a major domestic issue in most European countries and between Europe and the United States. Many in Europe and some in the United States define any attempt to design a strategic rationale for modern weapons—from strategic defense to discriminating targeting—as provocative or futile. But the alternative—a strategy relying on civilian and industrial destruction—involves casualties so horrendous as to paralyze the will. How long can the West continue to rely on a threat it must be increasingly reluctant to implement and which, if implemented, would guarantee the end of Western civilization?

From that perspective the current debate about missiles in Europe has already altered Atlantic relationships: American medium-range missiles in Europe—and in all likelihood shorter-range ones as well—will disappear, either because of an agreement or because the political basis for sustaining them will be overwhelmed by a flood of recriminations should negotiations fail. And inevitably, once zero is accepted as a desirable goal in some categories of nuclear weapons, it will create pressures for the removal of other categories as well. Whatever else happens the Soviet Union has already achieved a veto over new nuclear deployment in Europe.

Yet for some time to come the Soviet conventional arsenal remains. All this is a particular concern for the Federal Republic of Germany, which is the only country in Europe facing large Soviet armies and possessing no nuclear weapons of its own; hence it is unusually dependent on its allies.

One of the functions of the medium-range (and other) American missiles in Europe was to link technically the strategic nuclear defense of Europe to that of the United States, and that of the Federal Republic of Germany to the rest of Europe. To the extent that this organic military relationship weakens or vanishes, a political substitute must be found. The nations of Europe have no more urgent task than to make clear that the Federal Republic of Germany is so integral a part of a united Europe that any nuclear threat to it would be treated as a threat to the European nation as a whole; in short, that their national nuclear arsenals are held in trust for the defense of Europe. An important first step would be to begin coordinating the nuclear forces of Britain and France; the United States should modify its legislation to make this possible.

This is only the first step the United States should take to demonstrate by new and specific acts of political solidarity that its commitment to the defense of Europe is determined not by the geographic location of its weapons but by being anchored in America's heart. We cannot permit two great achievements of the postwar period—the anchoring of Germany in the councils of the West and the Atlantic partnership—to be undone by absorption with tactics of the moment.

I would be less than honest if I did not emphasize that I have never been more worried about trends which, just as in the days after Charlemagne, appear at what should be the moment of our greatest success. If Europe permits itself to be tempted by disguised neutralism and America revels in disguised isolationism, all that has been celebrated in this hall for a generation will be in jeopardy.

Neither Europe nor America can evade any longer a fundamental review of their security policy and ultimately of their foreign policy. Recent events, precisely because they are irreversible, have accelerated what technology would have imposed in any event—a reconsideration of the comfortable assumptions that destructiveness can be equated with security but also of the shallow counterargument that one can escape the nuclear age by returning to a technology that produced unceasing warfare for centuries. Western leaders must stop pretending that nuclear weapons can be abolished; too many exist in too many countries; too much knowledge will remain in the minds of scientists for this to be feasible. But equally they should not rely on nuclear weapons to solve all their problems.

In walking this fine line America has had the principal responsibility of leadership. But in the period ahead the contribution of a united Europe is essential.

—HENRY A. KISSINGER

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that a falling dollar would force the Fed to tighten, then suggested that monetary policy either could not or should not do much to affect the value of money. At a time when the world's willingness to hold dollar bonds at reasonable interest rates is so tenuous, because of fears of exchange-rate losses, appointing such a domestic fiscalist to the Fed was a curious choice. An offsetting advantage may have been Greenspan's position in favor of bank deregulation, since the Administration is apparently looking toward a time of fewer but larger banks to compete with the financial giants of Europe and Japan.

For the time being, monetary policy continues to be conducted by guesswork rather than rules, and Greenspan's future guesses are about as unknowable as anyone else's. Fortunately, the Fed board is no longer monolithic. In place of the usual incestuous bunch of governors appointed from within the system, we instead have a diverse and candid group of thoughtful people who are less likely to march the world off a cliff without a whisper of dissent. Maybe the Fed chairman isn't so important after all.

AIDS and the Sexual Counter-Revolution

TOM BETHELL wrote recently in *The American Spectator* that the point of the current condom campaign appears to be less to save the nation from AIDS than to preserve the sexual revolution. The truth of that is illustrated by the difficulty of getting public attention focused on one raw fact: that the great vehicle of AIDS has been homosexual anal intercourse.

Writing in *Crisis*, Monsignor Eugene Clark notes angrily that the media have played this fact down as timidly as the politicians have. The "cause" of AIDS is said to be a virus—though the virus has presumably existed for eons. How did it happen to get into circulation *now*? "In fact," he observes, "the virus-turned-plague has only one source—sodomy. Heterosexuals are infected only from homosexuals, or from heterosexuals infected by bisexuals . . . Despite the millions of words that have been written on AIDS this simple fact is rarely stated."

The current debate over testing is a distraction: Testing, like "safe sex," can serve only as a very marginal protection when millions of people persist in recklessly unnatural behavior. But the etiquette of the sexual revolution prohibits terming dysfunctional, unsanitary, and dangerous behavior "unnatural."

What AIDS has exposed is the emptiness of the civil-libertarian model of "victimless" crimes, the private, consensual acts of adults that are presumed not to affect third parties. This model falsely assumes that sex between faithful spouses is a sound analogy for promiscuous sex, including sodomy, and intravenous drug consumption.

These behaviors are not "private" in that sense: They create enormous, anonymous communities of pooled bodily fluids, in which it should have been foreseeable that any deadly virus or bacteria was bound to make the rounds uncontrollably. But the rhetoric of the sexual revolution has taken no cognizance of hygiene. For a decade and a half it could pretend that casual sex was "victimless" by defining inconvenient fetuses as nonhuman; but now the consequences are striking victims who can read, talk, and vote.

Even New York's Mayor Ed Koch seems to be dropping his condom crusade in favor of calling for simple abstinence among the unmarried. The sexual counter-revolution may be upon us.

Jesse Jackson Accepts

Like Macbeth, he's murdered sleep,
Coyly contemplating Veep,
As the party pros, aghast,
Hold a print-out of his past
By a finger and a thumb,
While they desperately hum
"Dixie," lest the voters push
Super Tuesday just for Bush.

W. H. VON DREELE

The Front-Runner

YES, HE'S THE front-runner, all right. It's not by default, and he's no fluke. Jesse Jackson is in the ideological mainstream of the Democratic Party—now the American Left—on everything from gay rights to apartheid, the difference between him and the others being that he deliberately plays up what they, in the post-Reagan moment, prefer to soft-pedal. He has even lauded Fidel Castro and given an interview to a major Communist magazine (which hails him as the leader of the "progressive" forces in American politics).

Because most of the Democratic candidates are looking ahead to the November 1988 election, they find it prudent to mute the party's basic leftism for rhetorical purposes. Jackson, apart from being naturally flamboyant, doesn't have to worry about that. He's not getting any nomination, so he's free to play the game of pre-primary ideological rallying to the hilt. While a half-dozen bland whites move rightward, Jesse has the party's large leftist core almost to himself.

So he has a dual constituency: a huge number of black followers, who (unlike Gary Hart's) know him

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To Moscow by Cessna

We don't do wild things any more.
Accelerators on the floor
  Are foreign to
A generation bred to earn
A steady 12 per cent return,
  Plus ocean view.

W. H. VON DREELE

and would if necessary stick by him through a bigamy scandal, plus the "cause" constituency, the white McGovernite types, who don't even have an Alan Cranston this time around. True, Jackson has a lot of enemies within the party, but that only illustrates how solid his basic support is: Any other candidate would have been put out of commission by his position on Israel, his "Hymietown" remarks, and his continuing refusal to renounce Louis Farrakhan. Jackson can scare millions of people and still survive—and thrive—as an essential component of the Democratic Party.

There's the rub. He can neither be fully assimilated nor be expelled. His black support alone may well give him a huge victory in the South's Super Tuesday primary. But even with the shaggy Left, he can only enlarge his base so far and no further. He can't get the nomination but he can decide who will. He makes his white rivals look to the true-blue liberals like so many sellouts, but whoever finally buys him off will look like a sellout to the general electorate.

Demagogue though he is, Jackson has, in terms of the Democratic Party's ideology and actual ethos, *moral authority*. He'd never get to first base as a Republican aspirant, but the Democrats are forced to live with him by a long series of prior choices they have made, which he is now exploiting with great skill, savvy, and purpose. In order to win, the Democrats have to distance themselves from him while embracing him. They face a long, hot summer in 1988.

Another Summit?

ECONOMIC OFFICIALS of major nations have met once again in Venice. Expectations regarding such meetings have become increasingly modest, even cynical, and modest goals generally produce banality. But the related challenges of protectionism, exchange-rate instability, and LDC (Less-Developed Country) loan defaults won't just go away. Rather than these statements of good intentions every couple of months, why not seek agreement on three simple areas of reform?

First, begin work on rolling back existing trade barriers, rather than simply resisting new barriers. This is the idea behind the proposed free-trade zone between the U.S. and Canada, which has received so little U.S. support. The same principle could easily be extended to other countries, like Brazil, as the Gramm-Kemp bill mandates.

Second, start taking the Baker plan seriously. Attach constructive conditions to new loans or grants for developing countries. With the right conditions, the loans may not be needed—promising economies would attract and retain private equity capital. What is needed is agreement about which policies really work, in order to break the logjam of bureaucratic orthodoxy at the International Monetary Fund and the World Bank.

Finally, put a floor under the dollar. Declare a truce in this currency war, which is hurting everybody. A falling dollar hurts Japan and Europe by deflating their prices, and the U.S. by inflating our prices. Inflation does not make it easier for the U.S. to sell, and deflation does not make it easier for other countries to buy. Central banks in other countries can easily keep their currencies from rising by lowering their interest rate on bank reserves. The Fed can likewise keep the dollar from falling by hiking interest rates, but there is no reason why this job should fall entirely on the United States. The world needs monetary rules that would make it more than just a matter of opinion when some central banks must ease and others tighten. Venice may gently grope in these directions, but the recent frequency of international meetings has, if anything, reduced ambitions. An agenda must come first. Then a genuine economic Summit can live up to its lofty title.

Pseudo-Crisis In the Persian Gulf

CALM DOWN. Easy does it. Cool it, everybody. The armchair hysteria and the media hype over the situation in the Persian Gulf are way out of proportion to the military and political realities involved. To put this pseudo-crisis in perspective, a few points should be kept in mind.

1. The Iraqi attack on the *Stark* was a tragedy, but it was not a portent of larger conflict, nor even a crisis in the strict sense of the term. It was only an accident. Iraq has apologized and offered to pay compensation. Baghdad and Washington will quickly settle this one, if only because the United States tilts unofficially, but unmistakably, toward Iraq in its war with Iran. As for the latter's deployment of Chinese Silkworm missiles, it is a totally separate event, whose inherent danger is in no way compounded or increased by what happened to the *Stark*.

2. There is no impending superpower crisis in the Gulf. The Soviet Union also leans toward Iraq and

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is at loggerheads with Iran. Moscow maintains no significant naval power in the Gulf; its only real influence derives from its overwhelming land power several hundred miles to the north. There is little chance that the Soviet Union will become embroiled in the present tangle.

3. The United States has no choice but to defend free shipping in the Persian Gulf. Even Stansfield Turner, while wringing his hands in the *Washington Post* (May 31) over the prospect of war with Iran, admits this: "What little credibility we have in the Middle East would be shattered if we walked away from what we have repeatedly declared to be a 'vital national interest.' " No other Western power has the military resources to keep the Gulf open, though our allies, for whom the stakes are greatest, should be pressured to render support in ancillary ways.

The Reagan Administration has proposed a simple, sensible plan for enhancing the security of shipping in the Gulf. It is not without risk, but no conceivable plan would be. Yet from the reaction of the media and Congress, one would have thought the President had proposed the invasion of Iran.

John Davenport, RIP

JOHN DAVENPORT was one of the tight Time Inc. circle in the heady Luce years during the war and just after that kept its eye on the looming menace in the East. The little fraternity included Whittaker Chambers and John Chamberlain and Jack Jessup and, yes, Henry Grunwald, the retiring editor-in-chief, a generation removed from Henry Luce, whose anti-Communism was instinctive and nourished primarily by his conviction (this was before the bishops had taken hold of Christianity) that it was not easy at one and the same time to be a Christian and a Communist.

John Davenport was for a time overshadowed by his brother, Russell Davenport, a creative and exuberant journalist from whom ideas came as sparks from a Roman candle. The idea of the American Century, which so much appealed to Luce, was his. John was progressively interested, after accepting that the Soviet menace would preoccupy postwar America, in the notion that the philosophical coordinates of freedom required the presumption of a free market, and the presumption of a domesticated state.

He left Time Inc. (he worked, specifically, for *Fortune*) to become the editor of *Barron's* for five years. He helped to found the Mont Pelerin Society. He wrote copiously, and encouraged others to write, exploring the philosophical implications of freedom. He and his wife, Marie, raised a family of seven children, and it became a regular family practice to exchange one Davenport child for one year in Paris with one child of Bertrand de Jouvenel, the French philosopher—Bertrand was Davenport's closest philosophical friend.

John Davenport wrote with modest frequency for NATIONAL REVIEW. He was among our early supporters, recognizing the need for a journal of forthright conservative opinion—which was further than Henry Luce wished any of his organs to go; and *Barron's* did not quite have the philosophical amplitude he wanted. Leaving *Barron's*, Davenport returned to *Fortune* as Assistant Managing Editor, and served as principal enthusiast for a number of projects, including John Chamberlain's book *The Roots of Capitalism*.

He was a graduate of Yale (1926) and was always rather distinctively an Old Blue, combining random characteristics of that institution: social conventionality, crew cut, bookishness, a quiet self-assurance, a reliable sense of humor. To his friends at NATIONAL REVIEW he was a reliable professional performer, animated by a total commitment to the value of his thought. And, always, he was comforted by the conviction that his friends here were friends all the way, friends in this world and the next. We extend our sympathy to his family on the loss of an exemplary husband and father, as we share the Republic's loss of a distinguished citizen. —WFB

Andrés Segovia, RIP

As from
the old six days,
he drew from his six strings
a world of sound complete as to
all things.

—GLORIA A. MAXSON

NOTES & ASIDES

☐ Dear Billpence:

A pox on your vox et praeterea nihil. Dispense no more pence. You may have turned candidate Richard Gephardt into candidate Richard Geppence.

For your pence say three Our Fathers and three Holy Garys. Then make an act of contrition and go, pun no more.

Pax,
Thomas R. Donahue
Bellflower, Calif.

☐ Dear Mr. Buckley:

Perhaps this letter should more appropriately have been sent to "Dear Abby." In any event, I am having domestic problems with my wife and desperately need your advice.

It all started when she neglected to pay my NATION-

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AL REVIEW subscription renewal for several months because she thought she had already paid it. In reality, she had paid the bill for my *New Republic* subscription, and did not realize that there was any difference between the two magazines.

I am a compassionate man and as a Christian was capable of forgiving her for this error. Last week, however, she committed a heinous act. She videotaped something called *Pee Wee Herman's Playhouse* over a portion of my *Firing Line* collection. Do I have any recourse besides divorce?

I anxiously await your reply.

Very truly yours,
Patrick J. Courtney
Somers, Conn.

Dear Mr. Courtney: On the general point, your wife has used up only two of her seventy × seven ration and therefore has a long way to go. On the particular point, which episode of *Pee Wee Herman* replaced which episode of *Firing Line*? I can think of a dozen episodes of *Firing Line* I'd welcome replacing with an hour of Bela Lugosi, let alone Pee Wee (whoever he is). Cordially, WFB

□

John Kenneth Galbraith
Department of Economics
Harvard University

Memo to: Bill
Re: Important news

Dear Bill: The attached you should pay instant attention to. JKG

Dear Mr. Galbraith:

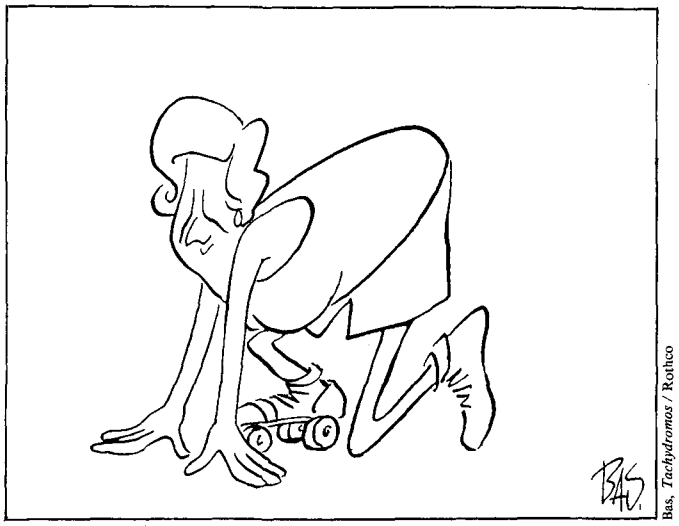
I often see you and hear you to my utmost delight expousing on political and economic matters debating W. F. Buckley etc.

There are two souls who are my brothers on this earth; you are one and Gore Vidal is the other.

As uneducated as I am in economics I have a basic thought and is this this: Governments must act as expansion to receice and dispense the excesses or diminutions of a inherently chaotic capitalist system and in so doing act to knock off the peaks of injustice and valleys of recession that are in so basically unfair a system.

The only fruits of the urge for competition and gain—which the yahoos of greed keep shouting about—can be thus enjoyed otherwise, contrary to their thinking. Capitalism, if left to its own devises, carries its own seeds of destruction, witness the ongoing struggles in the third world.

Another thought: I often am amazed as so lucid it appears a mind as that of W. F. Buckley can be so consistently wrong on most subjects (i.e., the ultra conservitism). Is this an illness like a chronic asthma



Bas, *Tachydromos* / Rothco

Margaret Thatcher

with sometimes a moment of clear thinking or is it a front to preserve their privileged position; pure greed, or is it the sickness of religion which makes them see just past the noses of the Inguisitores? Is it a pure streak of meaness? What do you think? Buchanan, for example: Is he a little off?

Harry Pellizzari
Chicago Heights, Ill.

Dear Ken: Mr. Pellizzari has perfectly captured your thought! Congratulations! Warmest, Bill

□ Dear Mr. Buckley:

In a recent column, you mentioned that Billy James Hargis was a fundamental Baptist. That statement is not true! He was never a Baptist, much less a fundamental Baptist!

When it comes to Biblical and religious matters, many times, seemingly intelligent people can show great ignorance.

Please check your source and publicly correct this serious error.

Sincerely,
Jim Gent, Pastor
Garden State Baptist Church
Old Bridge, N.J.

□ Dear Mr. Buckley:

I have just finished reading *Atlantic High*, and have also listened to you speak on TV. Near the bottom of page 198 of your book, you profess to be the most easily bored man in the universe.

Change "bored" to "boring" and you'd come a lot closer to the truth.

Sincerely,
Richard Gopfert
Fort Lauderdale, Fla.

Dear Mr. Gopfert: Obviously you have never read Shakespeare. Cordially, **—WFB**

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Memo to: NR Fans

From: Ed Capano

Re: Something I almost missed

As you can imagine, I see a lot of books -- NR readers *are* readers, they value owning important books (which is why we try to offer the very best premiums, etc.). So imagine my surprise when, just after I'd seen a hefty book (with a whopping $29.95 retail price!) titled grandly *Dictionary of American Conservatism* and decided it was too *much* for us, Bill Buckley called: he wanted to send that very book (let's call it DAC) to a long list of people -- would I arrange to get copies?

Sure, but first I went back to look at DAC myself. I shouldn't have let the king-size format put me off -- it really *is* what it says it is, "The First Complete Guide" to the Issues, People, Events, and Organizations of the Conservative Movement.

I've been around the "movement" myself for many years; even so, I found a lot of surprises, things I didn't know, things I'd forgotten -- but the *best* thing about DAC is that it brings all the history you "know" *together* in a single volume, a handy book to pull down from your shelf when you *can't* remember precisely how it was, or who *was* that guy who tricked Joe McCarthy's enemies into paying him for bogus info? (It was Paul Hughes, see page 200.)

DAC gives you almost 400 pages of such fascinating stuff, and you *will* want to have a copy handy (especially for your *kids*). So we've ordered a supply, a *small* one, because of the high price involved -- and we can now make it available to you at a handsome *$17.00 off* the retail price! That's right, you can now get the *Dictionary of American Conservatism* direct from us for just $12.95 *if* you use the handy card facing this page to subscribe to *National Review* or renew your current subscription now for just one more year (don't worry: no matter when it's due to expire we'll automatically add another 25 valuable issue to your current term).

But please, don't wait -- our supply is strictly limited and we will *not* get more copies. So use the card facing this page right now, before you forget? Remember, you pay no more than the regular subscription renewal rate of $34, then just $12.95 for the book you'll *want* to have in your permanent library. That's a $63.95 value for just $46.95 -- and we'll also pay all the postage and handling involved (another considerable savings on this big book). So act now -- tear out the handy card and return it to us today. We'll bill you later if you prefer. You'll be glad you did (and we thank you for your support.)

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THE FAVORITE-SON MYTH

Favorite Son: *An aspirant for a presidential nomination who has little or no support beyond an instructed delegation from his own state.*

—Dictionary of American Politics

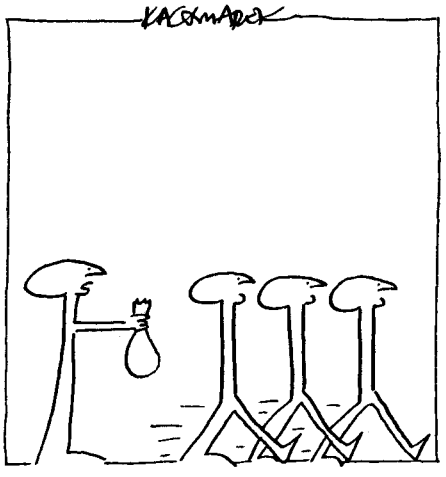
QUADRENNIALLY, usually in the summer, when time is slack and often silly, Washington papers run features on various little-known pols who, unenthusiastic about the current lineup of presidential candidates, contrive to become rumored about as "favorite sons." This phenomenon satisfies the nation's itch for an unpredictable nomination fight and a bartered convention, titillating both scribes and politicos. But the history of these one-state candidates, as well as the reality of the modern primary system, indicates that this stimulation is merely theater, harmless albeit somewhat distracting.

Back in the old days, when delegates chose their nominee on the convention floor, favorite sons were, in fact, true candidates. "When there were conventions with no primaries, governors and big-city mayors—favorite sons—would control a delegation," explains veteran campaign follower Jack Germond. "Then they'd throw their delegates in the direction of a chosen candidate." Occasionally, the bargaining power represented by one of these delegations would result in a Vice Presidency (e.g., for Kentucky's Alben W. Barkley in 1948). And it was even possible for a regional favorite son to reach the Presidency: Warren Harding ran in 1920 exclusively from a Midwestern base.

In the 1950s and 1960s, however, two major changes in the nomination process enfeebled favorite sons: 1) the trend toward state-run primaries, putting the nomination process in the hands of the voters; and 2) the growing influence of radio and television, turning candidates national.

The 1968 Indiana Democratic primary offers a classic example of a modern favorite-sonship. An extremely popular Indiana governor, Roger Branigin, decided to run against Robert Kennedy and Eugene McCarthy. Branigin was angry at LBJ for his withdrawal from the race and at the perception that Indiana was being "bought" by the other candidates. The governor planned to barter his delegates on the second ballot at the Chicago convention in exchange for the Vice Presidency. Despite Branigin's formidable plusses, Indiana voters chose the candidate they considered a serious potential nominee. So Kennedy won with more than 42 per cent of the vote, Branigin finishing a distant second.

So what about the 1988 favorite sons now rising? Governors George Deukmejian of California and Thomas Kean of New Jersey have both been the subject of rumors among Republicans. Gary Hart's collapse has prompted a number of un- or little-known Democrats to pop up: Ohio Governor Richard Celeste, Oklahoma Senator David Boren, Minnesota Governor Rudy Perpich, Kentucky Senator Wendell Ford, and former Nebraska Governor Bob Kerrey. Meanwhile, Texas Representative Mickey Leland advocates House Speaker Jim Wright as a favorite son. Texas Senator Lloyd Bentsen, whose favorite-son candidacy was embarrassingly ignored in 1976, is thinking about trying again.



"Hey, someone has to be left holding the bag."

Veteran campaign watchers around town say there are some dreams that pols must pursue, and others that they must wake from. The dreams of all the above favorite sons fall into the latter category. Not only do more states have primary races than in 1968, but it's highly unlikely that delegates even at a deadlocked convention would choose a nominee unfledged by the primary process.

WHY, THEN, this sterile exercise? Probably, more than anything else, for the publicity brought by mere rumors of favorite-sonship. Such *Washington Post* attention can benefit almost any career, and it strokes the ego to be asked to take the plunge by political peers.

And then, who knows? "If enough states support their own favorite sons —assuming a primary system where delegate blocs can be split among competing delegates by proportion—it could change the psychology of the race, and create the impression that the convention will be open. That could then actually open it," says *Congressional Quarterly* analyst Rhodes Cook. "What's more—this is a long, long shot—a number of favorite sons in big states could pull enough delegates away to prevent a first-ballot nomination. It's a possibility."

Possible, but unlikely. "The brokered convention is like Lucy, Charlie, and the football," says campaign newsletter writer Charlie Cook. "Each election, pols say, 'This year we're gonna kick that football, this year we'll get a brokered convention.' But each election, it's not brokered. The system doesn't support a brokered convention any more." □

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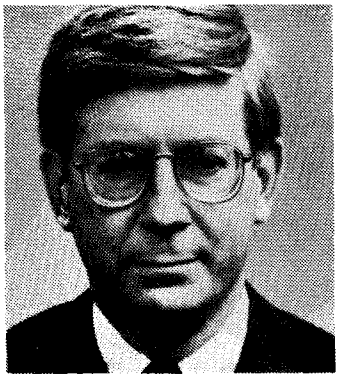
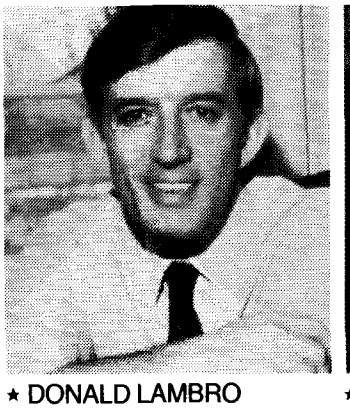
It's an all star conservative cast

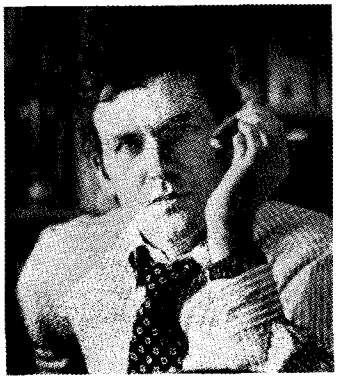


★ GEORGE F. WILL

★ JEANE KIRKPATRICK



★ DONALD LAMBRO



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★ WILLIAM F. BUCKLEY, JR.

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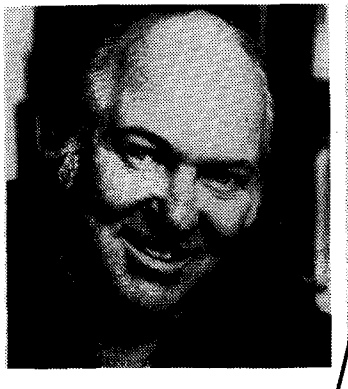

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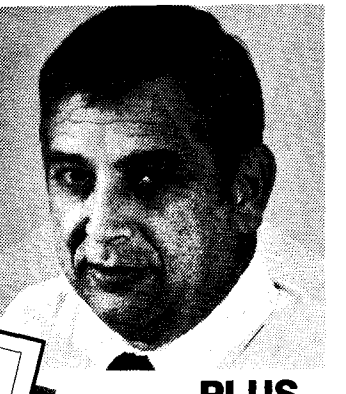

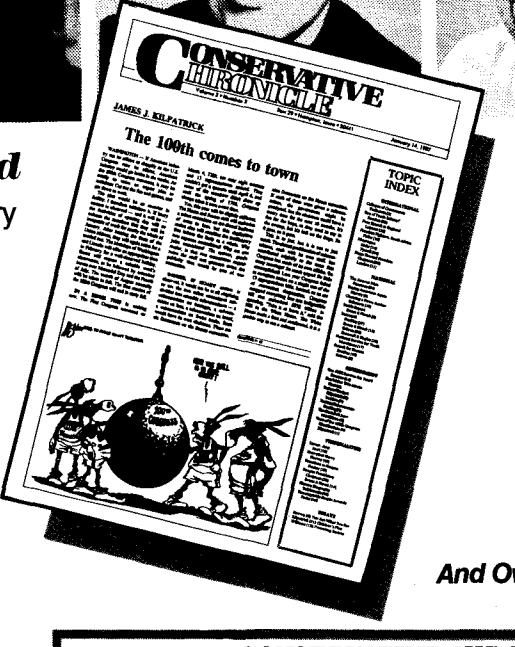

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Scandals In Catholic Relief

by James MacGuire

During a fundraising campaign for Ethiopia, Catholic Relief Services (CRS), the official overseas charity of the U.S. Catholic Conference (USCC)—i.e., the American bishops—distributed a poster throughout the United States. The poster featured a single sentence printed more than 25 times: "WE WILL NOT LET THEM STARVE." Noble sentiments, and quite in keeping with the bishops' pastoral letter on the economy, which announced, "We want to stand with the poor everywhere." But the road to hunger is paved with good intentions. Over the past decade the USCC's spiritual and financial commitment to its foreign charity has weakened steadily and perhaps scandalously, so much so that in some cases CRS may indeed have "let them starve."

Mr. MacGuire, executive producer for Macmillan Inc., worked for Catholic Relief Services from 1977 to 1979. With Christopher Buckley, he is the co-author of the play Campion, *to be produced this summer at the Williamstown, Massachusetts, Theater Festival.*

For decades, Catholic Relief Services was renowned for its deep religious commitment to the poor, its professionalism, its excellent grasp of Third World cultures, and its consequent ability to provide both immediate relief from hunger and disease and realistic development programs. Today its field people still do great good works. But, encouraged by the bishops' parsimony and inattention, CRS is being transformed into a wasteful, arrogant secular bureaucracy, run by former State Department officials and other "experts" who often seem to put the organization's bureaucratic and political needs ahead of helping the poor.

The culmination of these trends apparently came during the Ethiopian famine, when CRS failed to use charitable contributions as they were intended—for the immediate relief of starving Ethiopians. It is possible that as a result tens or perhaps hundreds of thousands of famine victims died unnecessarily. Even if, as CRS officials assert, CRS's political and bureaucratic maneuvering during the crisis caused no actual harm to famine victims, CRS clearly behaved deceptively during its fundraising drive and diverted millions of dollars raised for famine relief in Ethiopia to other purposes.

The first hint of serious difficulties within CRS came in the early 1980s and concerned "recipient contributions." In non-emergency situations, most private relief agencies charge their beneficiaries small fees for services or food, a practice that helps maintain the dignity of the recipients and stretches funds to help more of the needy. The fees are usually voluntary, in the sense that no one too poor to pay is turned away. Under U.S. law, when the U.S. Government supplies the food for a program (as it does for the foreign programs of most U.S. charities, including CRS), recipient contributions *must* be voluntary. Moreover, U.S. law absolutely forbids the charging of fees in emergency situations, e.g., a famine.

What happened in the early 1980s was that CRS management started to increase the pressure on its local branches to cover their costs with recipient contributions. CRS is supported mostly by a combination of direct private contributions, some government contract money, and an annual grant from the bishops. The bishops' grant, a principal source, had been roughly $6 million in 1970. In 1980, after a decade of galloping inflation, the bishops were giving only $7.6 million. CRS was feeling the pinch.

In 1981, a mini-scandal erupted when CRS was charged with having failed to deliver relief food to a starving tribe in the Turkana region of Kenya. CRS, it was alleged, sent the food instead to other regions, where, perhaps coincidentally, the poor were able to pay recipient contributions. CRS acknowledged the charges but claimed, on the basis of a hotly disputed survey, that there was no famine in Turkana. The Kenyan Church and government protested strongly.

The implicit charge—that CRS agents in Africa deliberately deprived famine victims of food in order to raise money—is horrible to contemplate and was certainly never proved. A more plausible explanation is that the financial pressures on CRS caused an honest excess of prudence. CRS, charged with helping as many people as possible, hesitated to spend money where it would produce no re-

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turn. Unfortunately, such dead-loss situations almost by definition involve emergencies, such as famine, in which prudence can be disastrous.

What is clear is that the cause of CRS's financial problems was the tight-fistedness of the USCC. In February of 1981, Kenneth Hackett, CRS regional director for Africa, wrote to one of his program directors:

> Since we know that in years to come cost increases exceed budget credits we will be able to receive from USCC, we expect you to reverse this trend. . . . We expect our directors to have their food programs and projects completely pay for themselves . . . we want Recipient Contributions . . . to significantly reduce your 1982 Fund 105 [USCC money] line-item requests . . .

In the late 1970s, recipient contributions hovered around $2 million. By 1981 CRS was deriving $3.8 million from recipients and $7.7 million from the bishops' grant. In 1982 recipient contributions increased more than 25 per cent, to $4.9 million, while the bishops' grant held virtually steady at $7.7 million. By 1986 the bishops' grant had gone up to $9.7 million (had it kept pace with inflation since 1970 it would have been more than double that). Recipient contributions leveled off at about $5.8 million, but not because CRS had become any more willing to use its own funds to support its food programs: Instead, the U.S. Government started picking up more of the tab.

According to some former CRS employees, starting in the early 1980s, recipient contributions were sometimes withdrawn by CRS from the country in which they were collected and used for other purposes, possibly including general administration and overhead. Both practices violate U.S. Government regulations as well as CRS tradition.

Protests began to come in from the field—followed by a spate of demotions, transfers, surprise early retirements, resignations, and outright firings, many of which involved CRS veterans who had protested misuse of recipient contributions. Jean Serge Picard, to take but one example, assigned to Burundi in March 1983, claimed (in a May 3, 1985, memo to the inspector general of AID—the U.S. Agency for International Development) that shortly after he arrived he received instructions from the deputy regional director for Africa to transfer the balance of the Burundi recipient-contribution fund, more than $200,000, to CRS's African headquarters in Nairobi. He refused and was transferred within two weeks, ending up eventually on a six-month assignment in New York, separated from his family. In March 1984 he was reassigned to Zaire, where he claimed to discover similar practices and similarly protested. This time the new executive director of CRS, Lawrence Pezzullo—CRS's first lay boss, and formerly Jimmy Carter's ambassador to Nicaragua—fired him outright. CRS has always denied any wrongful transfer of recipient-contribution funds, and Executive Director Pezzullo denies that any personnel changes on his watch were part of a cover-up. Picard's memo to AID alleges that several other CRS staffers had experiences comparable to his.

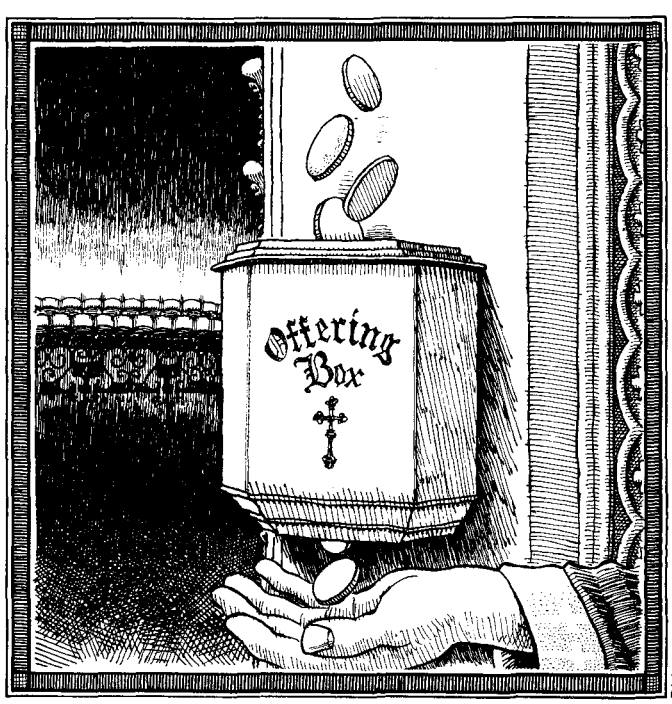
Meanwhile, AID announced its intention to audit CRS's recipient-contribution fund (Fund 322). CRS at first resisted the audit. "Keep them [the auditors] in a revolving door, so to speak," Kenneth Hackett wrote in one official memo, later published in the *New York Times*. Eventually, under instructions from the Krol commission (a church panel convened in 1985 to investigate abuses), CRS acquiesced in an AID audit, directed primarily at CRS mother-child food programs in Kenya and Burkina Faso (formerly Upper Volta). In September 1986, the audit was released.

AID auditors had visited nine of CRS's 140 mother-child health centers in Kenya and interviewed 120 mothers and 12 officials. "Without exception, the people interviewed told us that recipient contributions were required before the mother or the child could receive food," the auditors reported. Mothers were quoted as having said they did not go to the centers unless they had the monthly fee of $1.37 for food. Hungry people said they did not bother enrolling in the food program because they didn't have enough cash. Food-center officials told AID they insisted on the fees because they were afraid that otherwise CRS officials would stop sending food shipments.

IT IS HARD for Americans to think of a fee of $1.37 per month as a barrier. Yet these programs operate in the poorest rural areas of countries whose *average* per-capita income may be two or three hundred dollars a year. Poor subsistence farmers in such regions are for all practical purposes outside the cash economy. Their cash crops may earn them less than fifty dollars, per family, in a year.

In Burkina Faso, the auditors reported, the story was much the same: "Center managers said they had no authority for free distribution; they believed food shipments from CRS would be cut off if CRS bills for shipment of food were not paid." In 1984 the fees CRS charged local centers for such food were quintupled. Though fees are always forbidden for emergency food, the auditors discovered an April 1984 directive instructing centers to provide emergency food only to fee-paying participants in the mother-child health program, a policy withdrawn in 1985 with the audit pending.

In the face of the audit's devastating conclusions, CRS



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officials nevertheless claimed that the audit exonerated CRS from the charge of requiring the hungry to pay for food. In a highly unusual action, the office of AID's inspector general denied the CRS assertion, saying, "The audit report not only makes no such acknowledgment, but supports the contrary conclusion."

How could a dedicated church agency not only compromise its mission, but apparently try to cover up its errors by harassing devoted employees and misleading the public? Certainly the U.S. bishops intended no such result. But the responsibility is theirs. Their inattention and parsimony were a proximate cause of the problems. Even worse, the bishops seemed to neglect the Christian character of CRS's work as unimportant, prizing instead worldly standards of professionalism and efficiency. Worldly standards of professionalism and efficiency were just what they got. By the mid 1980s CRS sounded like an organization run by pols, because that's what it was.

In the spring of 1983, CRS's executive director, Bishop Edwin Broderick, stepped down and was replaced by Lawrence Pezzullo. Despite Pezzullo's appointment, which the bishops apparently hoped would resolve the growing problems at CRS, the situation clearly got worse.

There had been several questionable firings, demotions, and transfers from 1981 until Pezzullo's arrival, but Pezzullo ushered in what one veteran CRS employee called the "reign of terror." He effected the removal of at least seven priests from key CRS positions, usually replacing them with less-experienced lay personnel including, in a few cases, former State Department colleagues. Many longtime lay employees were forced out as well.

Many of those who were turned out either had protested CRS improprieties or represented a threat to Pezzullo's standing with the bishops. One program director in Haiti, Peter Strzok, a twenty-year veteran of the Army Corps of Engineers, ran into trouble with the CRS hierarchy when he objected to proposals to remove the recipient-contribution fund from Haiti to New York. Norbert Clement, senior program director in Africa, was repeatedly transferred after a dispute over recipient contributions in Senegal. Eventually he resigned and was immediately hired by World Vision, a CRS competitor. Pezzullo afterward publicly vilified him as an incompetent.

Robert Walsh resigned as head of Human Resources after a year of Pezzullo's reign. Anthony Foddai, a lawyer with 31 years of senior service in the organization, walked out of his office on New Year's Eve, 1984, and simply never came back. Sister Frederica Jacob, a Johns Hopkins PhD who had quantified the effect of CRS's African nutritional programs, resigned. Dr. Margaret Andrews, who had protested alleged CRS improprieties in Palestine, also left. Early this year, Pezzullo demoted Monsignor Robert Charlebois, the last remaining CRS senior director who was a priest. Charlebois, with 23 years of service at CRS, had gained international recognition as the man who directed the airlift of Vietnamese orphans during the fall of Saigon and established CRS's refugee program for Cambodia. He is appealing his case and has refused to speak with the press. But his supporters say that he was a vocal critic of the policy on recipient contributions and had protested the use of funds donated for Operation Rice Bowl—advertised as a Lenten hunger program—for overhead costs.

Pezzullo's campaign of management by destabilization is important for several reasons. To the extent that he removed experienced personnel because they were a threat to his position or policies, Pezzullo, however unintentionally, harmed the people CRS is meant to serve. Lay bureaucrats cost more, and have more regard for ordinary career considerations, than priests, religious, and religiously motivated lay people. But even more important, the massive personnel changes clearly diluted the religious and charitable nature of CRS. One phrase many CRS dissidents use to describe Pezzullo's apparent goals for the organization is "a third-rate State Department." They charge that he is more concerned with "task forces," with CRS's relations with foreign governments and bureaucracies, with "long-range global perspectives," and with "development consultants" and all the other dreary tools and measurements of international-development bureaucracies than with CRS's traditional programs.

Pezzullo and his defenders have occasionally argued that the changes in CRS were part of an attempt to move CRS away from charity relief and toward long-term development. But in CRS there was never much conflict between the two goals. Its relief work allowed it to establish the local relationships and infrastructure from which realistic local development programs were constantly being launched. Pezzullo's development plans, his critics charge, were usually aimed at fostering government programs of dubious value; they produced a lot of talk and bigger budgets for the CRS/New York bureaucracy, as well as CRS's first Washington, D.C., office, and not a great deal else.

One former senior staffer relates that under Pezzullo CRS personnel were sometimes urged to consider the political implications of their actions. He protests: "We were not equipped to make fancy geopolitical judgments. When all was said and done we were giving out a few pounds of rice." Another said that while in the past the emphasis had been on working through CRS's local infrastructure—"the Church *is* the infrastructure in these areas"—under Pezzullo the emphasis was shifted to cooperation with political authorities. Peter Strzok, former CRS country chief for Burkina Faso, relates that when he was sent to Haiti to clean up a CRS program tainted by scandal, he agreed with the local bishops on an acceptable reform plan and was at first backed by CRS headquarters in New York. Then, claims Strzok, a Duvalier government agent protested the plan. Shortly afterward, CRS/New York withdrew its approval. Strzok is careful to say he has no direct evidence of cause and effect.

Joan Frawley Desmond, a contributing editor of the *National Catholic Register* who regularly visits Latin America and who has covered the CRS story, says, "In several Latin American cities I have heard complaints about CRS's inadequate consultation with the local bishops"—such cooperation having been a guiding principle of the agency in the past. Catholic bishops in Nicaragua have protested the use of CRS funds in cooperation with "popular church" groups that have openly sided with the Marxist government in its harassment of the Church.

Several former and present staffers pointed out that

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while CRS has diminished its presence in much of Africa —including the Central African regions, which have extremely low standards of living and are now threatened by the AIDS epidemic—CRS, with more than usual publicity, has launched a small program in South Africa. These critics argue that however real the political oppression in South Africa, the standard of living for blacks is higher there than anywhere else on the continent. To these critics, the South Africa program is a blatant play for good press, a move more to be expected from a threatened politician than a devoted servant of the poor.

In response to questions about his sweeping staff changes, Pezzullo argued that in order to create a professional agency he needed bright and ambitious people capable of taking a global view of the problem of poverty. To reward such people, he argued, there must be room at the top for advancement. When asked whether this was an appropriate attitude for a Catholic charity, he exclaimed, "This *isn't* a Catholic charity."

The importance of this gradual secularization of the agency was perhaps best expressed by Peter Strzok, in an interview with *NR*:

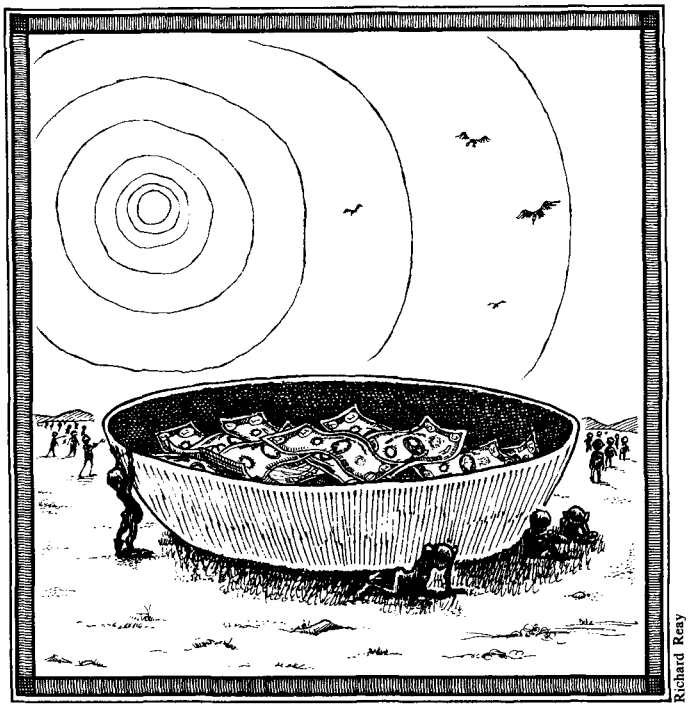
> There are bureaucratic responses and there are responses that go into the guts of a country and deal with totally inadequate local conditions and governments and make them work as a result of great diligence, and using every resource and pushing every button. This requires not an eight-to-five commitment but a life commitment such as the missionaries in the field make. For the international staff it was an eight-to-five commitment.

Pezzullo's CRS, it seems, simply placed a lower value on CRS's unique qualities as a religious charity, shifting its priorities in the direction of building an influential development bureaucracy. This would help explain CRS's reluctance to spend its money for the purposes for which it was given. It would also help explain Ethiopia.

IN THE FALL OF 1984, as the Ethiopian famine finally attracted the attention of the American public, CRS began making heart-rending appeals to Americans for contributions, promising to rush food to Ethiopia "by plane, boat, and train." CRS claimed to have very low overhead costs and promised potential contributors that "none of the donations will be used for administrative expenses." By December 31, 1984, CRS had received nearly $26 million in contributions. By June 1985, nearly $26 million more had arrived. After June 1985, it becomes harder to count contributions because they were no longer segregated in the Ethiopian Relief Fund, but some estimates suggest approximately $15 million more was collected through 1986, for a possible total of approximately $67 million. (Pezzullo insists on $50 million.)

What happened to the money is a scandal, plain and simple.

First, where did the money go? In mid 1985, $20 million was scooped out of the fund and transferred to putative long-term development projects in other African countries. CRS placed a limit of $30 million on expenditures for Ethiopia. On May 9, 1985, Pezzullo gave official approval to the allocation of the $30 million. This included $5.9 million for administration, in direct contradiction to



Richard Reay

CRS's promises to contributors. Stranger still, included in the $30 million was approximately $7 to $8 million in regular CRS expenditures for Ethiopia dating from the outset of the emergency—i.e., money that probably would have been spent anyway, including a sizable portion for overhead and administration.

Of the balance of the $30 million, some substantial portion was budgeted for rehabilitation or development rather than urgent famine relief. Faced with public criticism of CRS's delay in using the funds, in August of 1985 Pezzullo responded that much of the money was intended for longer-term development projects, such as building health centers and training paramedics, which were "still in the gestation stage." At about the same time, he told the *New York Times*, "What the money is doing now is irrelevant. The important thing is it will be spent in the next ten to 15 years." By November of 1986 only $17 million of the $30 million had been spent, including the $7 to $8 million in normal expenditures.

Long-term development is an important goal in the Third World, but CRS had told donors this money would be used for immediate famine relief. Nor was "long-term development" of much use to millions of Ethiopians on the brink of starvation.

What would have been of some help was an all-out, no-holds-barred effort to set up a system to deliver food—food made available by the U.S. Government. At the outset of the relief operation, CRS requested and obtained from AID a promise of 240,000 tons of food to be distributed in Ethiopia over the next 12 months. A coalition of church charities, headed by CRS but including the Lutheran World Federation and some other church groups, was to take responsibility for local distribution of the food to famine victims.

Almost immediately a dispute erupted between AID and CRS over who would pay the costs of moving the food from Ethiopian ports to several large inland warehouse centers, called primary distribution points. After some months, AID agreed to pick up the tab.

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Did this protracted argument cause any actual delays in distributing the food? Both Pezzullo and AID say no, maintaining that at all times food was being moved as fast as possible, even while the argument over who would eventually pay raged on.

MANY OF THE FACTS suggest otherwise. First of all, it is important to recall that CRS raised its first $26 million by December 1984, and as much again by June 1985. If transportation of food were indeed CRS's highest priority, as donors were told, it certainly had the means to get the necessary trucks, etc., ready for arriving food. Moreover there *were* delays moving the food off the docks, a point CRS admitted at the time, though it denied responsibility. According to CRS's own estimates, combined with figures derived from public sources, approximately fifty thousand tons of CRS food had accumulated on Ethiopian docks by June of 1985, and approximately forty thousand tons was still sitting on those docks in October. In the summer of 1985 senior CRS officials were blaming delays on a shortage of trucks. But CRS had known for months that massive numbers of trucks would be needed and had had the funds to procure them since December.

In the summer of 1985, CRS officials were also blaming conditions in Ethiopia, including civil strife and poor roads, for the port backups. Yet in June of 1985 a communication from the program director for Ethiopia made it clear that the distribution points and local feeding stations were practically depleted of food, indicating that CRS people in the interior *were* moving food out, though the conditions they faced must have been at least as difficult.

Moreover, despite their denials now, at the time, Pezzullo and other CRS officials repeatedly told AID that the transportation dispute could be life-threatening. In its August 7, 1985, article the *New York Times* cited a May 24 memo from Pezzullo to the head of AID, Peter McPherson, warning that the dispute could hold up deliveries of food. Numerous other CRS communications took the same position.

In fact, CRS in New York had been told months before by its own man in the field, the program director for Ethiopia, Francis Carlin, that the fight with AID was potentially deadly. "We have no funds," Carlin Telexed to Pezzullo in February 1985:

> We have cash-flow requirements through March 15, 1985, of $9.7 U.S. million. It is no longer possible for us to clear food presently arriving in ports. What are we to do? It is imperative that you advise us immediately. It is impossible for us to plan in the present environment. [The church coalition] is in jeopardy as are the lives of several hundred thousand people. Will not CRS lend us the private funds immediately while N.Y. negotiates with the U.S. Government? I realize a decision must be made to suspend our development program, but the situation is so critical, and the plight of the people so pathetic, that this decision is recommended. . . . I consider the situation we have been placed in despicable and a reversal of AID/W[ashington] promises.

Carlin rightly gives AID a share of the blame. But this memo was written at a time when CRS already had $30 million of Ethiopia funds in the bank specifically donated to move food.

Finally, at the outset of the famine CRS announced that it would move twenty thousand tons of food a month and asked for a corresponding annual tonnage from AID. CRS never got close to its goal, generally moving about 12,000 tons a month.

The conclusion is inescapable. CRS, which had never before raised anything like $67 million in so short a time, was so eager to hang on to the money for future expansion that, at the very least, it *risked* life-threatening delays in food distribution.

But the scandal doesn't stop there. When charges of fraud and mismanagement surfaced, the Krol commission absolved CRS of any wrongdoing, reciting the amount of food CRS had delivered to Ethiopia and noting that it had served 1.8 million famine victims. In fact, if the Krol commission's 1.8-million figure is correct, CRS had been giving famine victims starvation rations.

The recognized standard ration for famine victims is 2,200 calories a day, supplied by a mixture of foods (grain, oil, and some powdered milk) amounting to twenty kilograms a month. In order to feed 1.8 million people adequately in 1985, CRS needed to supply 388,800 metric tons of food, generously assuming that famine victims can scrounge two kilos per month for themselves. Instead, according to the Krol commission's own figures, in 1985 CRS officials supplied approximately 141,000 tons, or only 36 per cent of the necessary supply. The average food allowance supplied by CRS during the two-year period of the relief operation was 6.3 kilograms per person per month, less than a third of what was required, a ration insufficient to fuel the basic functions of life or to stop the progressive weight loss that leads to death.

If CRS was actually doling out inadequate rations to the people it fed, one possible explanation is that CRS had removed many of its most proficient and experienced people from Africa. Another explanation of the disparity is that the 1.8-million figure itself is wildly inflated.

There is a pathetic postscript to CRS's famine-relief program in Ethiopia, now mostly closed down. The most important remaining CRS presence in Ethiopia is the mother-child feeding program, which delivers a monthly food ration to about 200,000 malnourished mothers and children. However, because they do not live in an officially declared famine area, CRS continues to charge them a monthly fee for their meager rations, though they are clearly famine victims.

AFTER A STINT in the Peace Corps, I worked for CRS from 1977 to 1979, running its program in Burundi. At the time, CRS was considered one of the best of the private relief agencies. As far as I could tell, it deserved its reputation. So when former colleagues began to come to me with complaints about the changes in CRS operations, I was at first incredulous and later profoundly disturbed. When I raised these issues with the bishops on the CRS board, I was promised a full report. Instead, I was presently informed the CRS board would no longer communicate with me. When I began bringing evidence of CRS abuses to the attention of other American bishops, a CRS official threatened me with a lawsuit. Thus far the new

(Continues on page 56)

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ABROAD

MANILA *The Worst Concern*

President Corazon Aquino's efforts to neutralize Communist forces in the Philippines are well publicized. But another and quite separate guerrilla war is causing her government more concern for the long term, namely rebellion in the southern islands by the Moslem Moros. The Moros, the original inhabitants of the archipelago before the Spanish conquest, occupy the large island of Mindanao and surrounding islands in the Sulu Sea. After the Second World War, Christian migrants from the north flocked to Mindanao, and the 2.5 million Moros found themselves a minority. The autonomy that the central government is willing to give the Moros depends on the careful establishment of demographic balances in a number of the southern provinces. Last January, Nur Misauri, leader of the Moro National Liberation Front, struck an agreement with Manila to seek such a balance peacefully. There is a strong possibility, however, that Manila will also reach agreement with southern Moslems who do not share the intransigence of the MNLF and its leader. In that case, there is anxiety here that Misauri, who has Marxist-Leninist roots, may try to ally himself with the Communist leadership. There are already rumors circulating locally about MNLF guerrillas joining forces with Communist units.

CANTERBURY *Muffled Pilgrimage*

In an age that doggedly celebrates the slightest literary landmark, it seems strange that the six-hundredth anniversary of Geoffrey Chaucer's *Canterbury Tales* should have been almost ignored. No important sponsors could be found by English-literature enthusiasts to help commemorate that famous pilgrimage from Southwark to the cathedral where St. Thomas à Becket was murdered. Nevertheless, a small band of actors representing some of the most famous of Chaucer's pilgrims boarded a minibus bound for the shrine and stopped on the way to let the Miller, the Wife of Bath, the Pardoner, the Canon's Yeoman, and the Prioress tell their tales at appropriate points along the route. The British government, as one commentator observed, felt it unnecessary to bestow any recognition, not even issuing a postage stamp.

PARIS *Du côté de chez Lipp*

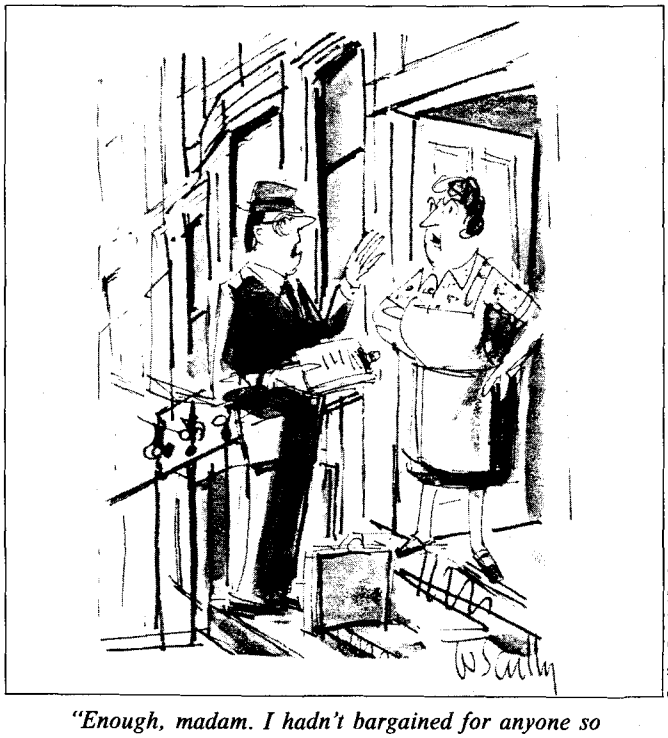
Anyone who knows Paris knows the Brasserie Lipp. For generations, foreign visitors to St-Germain-des-Prés have dined and drunk there in the company of the cream of French politicians. Now its proprietor, Roger Cazes, has died at 73. He inherited the place from his father, and, fortunately, his nephew Michel is there to carry on. Lipp's clientele hopes that the great goblets of Alsatian beer and the plates of *choucroute*, which is an apotheosis of sauerkraut, will continue to satisfy the customers in the tiled art-nouveau dining room and on the sidewalk terrace. Cazes had a number of rules for his establishment, including a refusal to accept credit cards or checks. It was said that he sent noisy tourists upstairs to get them out of the way. But local notables also got the brush-off. On one occasion, Prime Minister Laurent Fabius was turned away because, as Cazes said, there was no room.

ISTANBUL *Feminism Arrives*

Close to two thousand women demonstrated in the streets of Istanbul in an unprecedented protest against male brutality. One in four Turkish wives is believed to suffer from battering by her husband. The demonstrators, cheered on by a large crowd, denounced the laxity of judges in domestic cases, claiming that "there is no difference in kind between conjugal violence and torture." The women were joined at one point by a group of hunger-striking transsexuals who were demonstrating against brutal treatment by the police and who have been backed by some of the big names of the Turkish stage and screen. Istanbul newspapers published on their front pages photographs of the transsexuals rendering homage at the mausoleum of Kemal Atatürk, the founder of modern Turkey.

CALDBECK *No Hounds in the Morning*

This part of Cumberland in northwestern England is where John Peel sounded his horn in the mornings, well over a century ago. But no fox will ever wake from his lair to the sound of horse and hound if Labour Party politician Peter Phizacklea has his way. Labour has pledged to put an end to traditional fox hunting, and Phizacklea has used the political atmosphere of the British election to seek a local ban on the Caldbeck and Uldale ranges most frequented by Peel. Phizacklea says fox hunting is "a barbaric pastime" that should have been stamped out years ago. The fox hunters and shepherds of the surrounding districts maintain that fox hunting is the best and most humane way to keep down a population of predators that habitually attack and kill ewes and newborn lambs on the hillsides. Farmers say that some form of fox hunting would go on, no matter what the regulations might be, out of concern for their own livelihoods.



Scully, *Punch* / Rothco

"Enough, madam. I hadn't bargained for anyone so opinionated."

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SCORPIO

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But you don't win awards for comfort alone, and Scorpio won more awards than any other new car the year it was intro-

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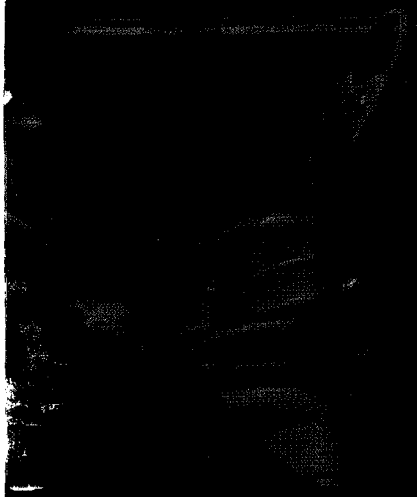

duced in Europe. With its slick aerodynamic exterior, V-6 engine, fully independent suspension and Anti-lock Brake System (ABS) Scorpio earned 18 awards in all. Included were the German Road Safety Award and Europe's coveted Car of the Year title.

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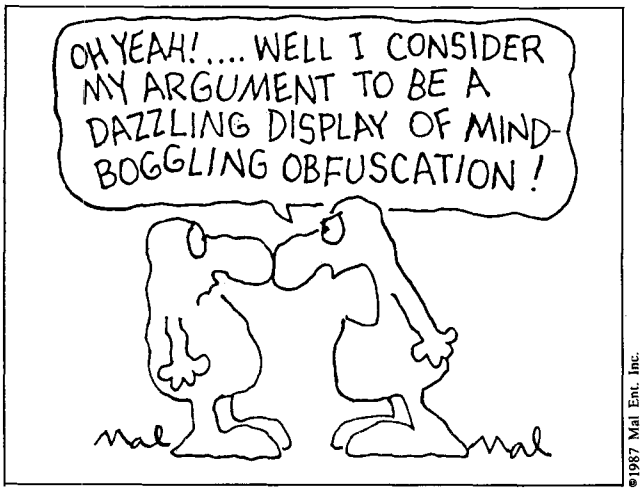

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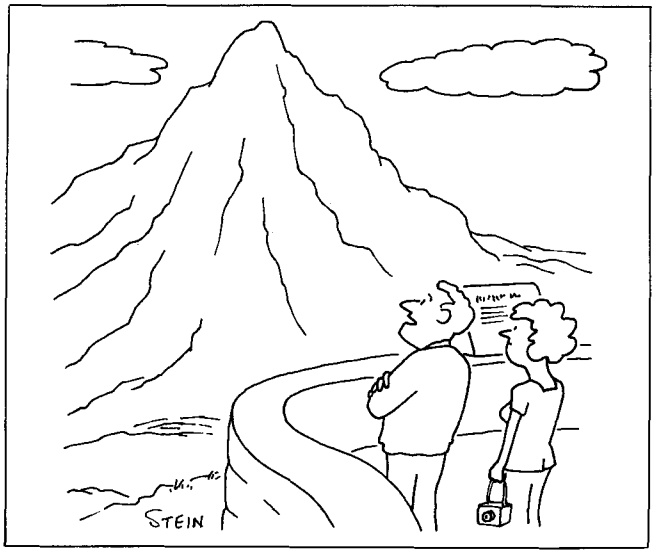
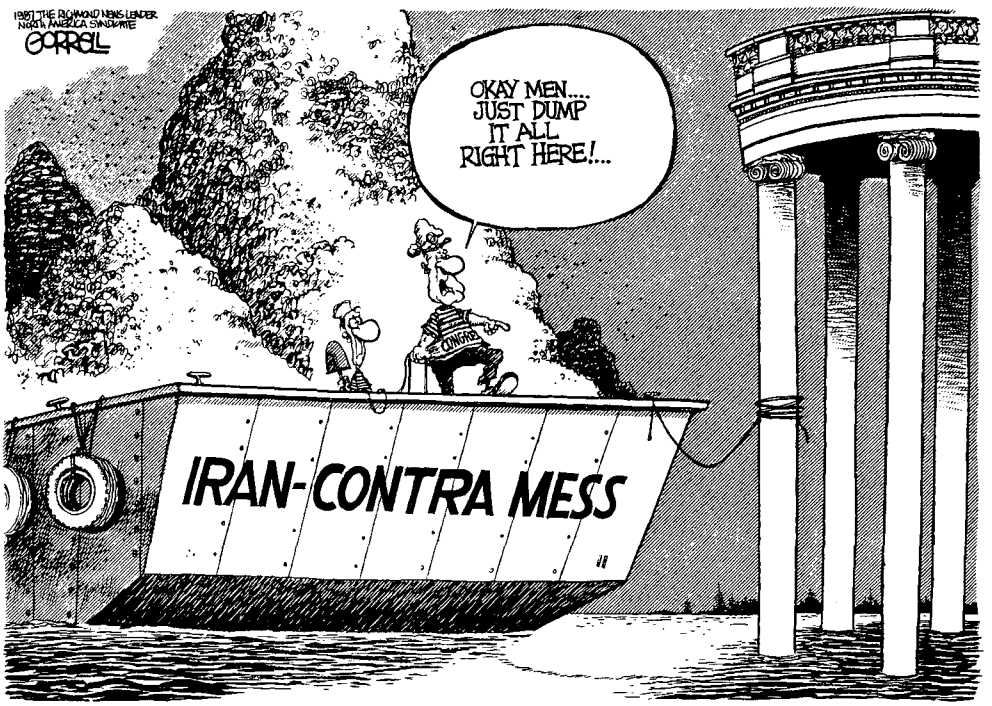


"It's majestic—I like that in a mountain."

Frames of Reference

If students stumble over prose
And Kipling draws a blank, God knows
Discussing Nineveh and Tyre
To illustrate how states expire
Will only aggravate the bored;
Nor will a sympathetic chord
Respond as, soulfully, you say,
"Far-flung, our navies melt away."

W. H. von Dreele


1987 THE RICHMOND NEWS LEADER NEWS AMERICA SYNDICATE
GORRELL
OKAY MEN.... JUST DUMP IT ALL RIGHT HERE!...
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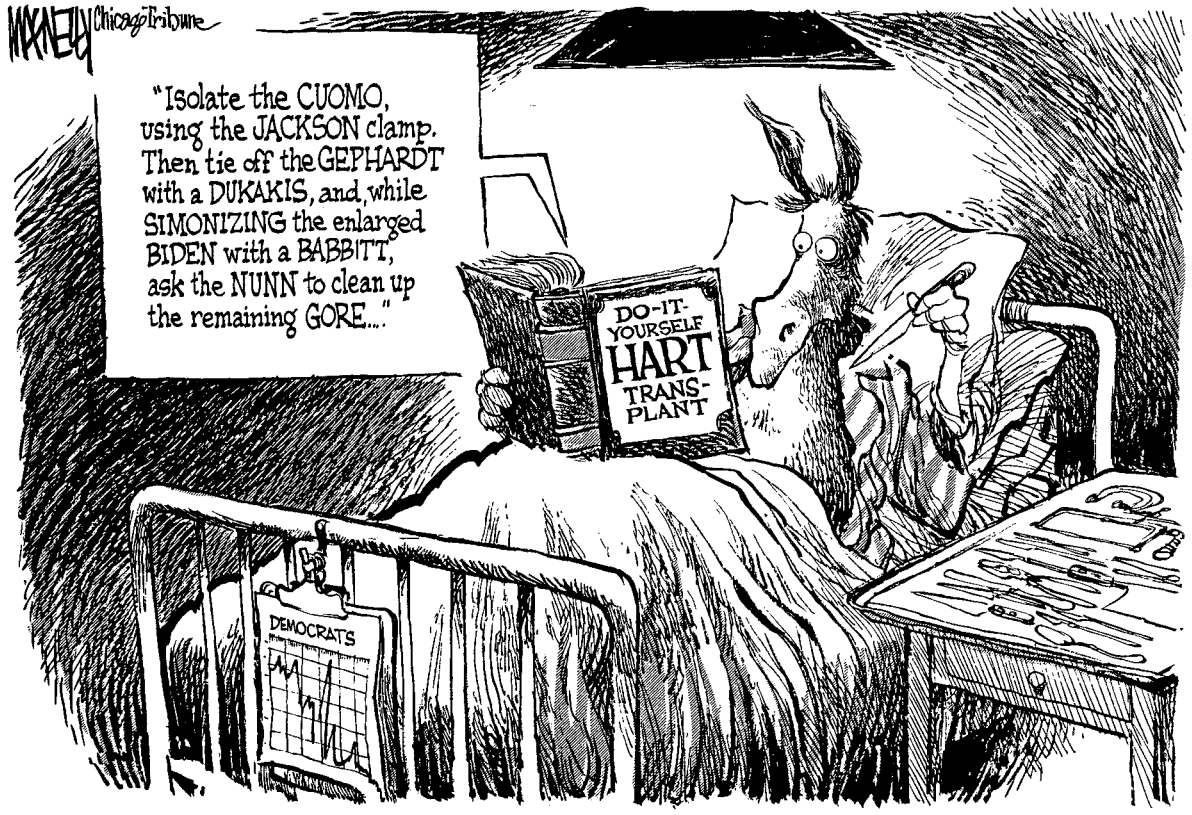
MARK ENGLEY Chicago Tribune
"Isolate the CUOMO, using the JACKSON clamp. Then tie off the GEPHARDT with a DUKAKIS, and, while SIMONIZING the enlarged BIDEN with a BABBITT, ask the NUNN to clean up the remaining GORE..."
DO-IT-YOURSELF HART TRANS-PLANT
DEMOCRATS

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WHY JOHNNY CAN'T ABSTAIN

SEX EDUCATION is much in the news. Many states and localities are considering proposals to implement or expand sex-education curricula. Polls suggest that a substantial majority of the American people favor sex education in the schools. I too tend to support the idea of sex education in schools, as a great improvement on the sex curriculum available on the street and on television.

For several years now, though, I have been looking at the actual form sex education assumes in the classroom. Having surveyed samples of the literature available to the schools, I must say this: I have my doubts.

Seventy per cent of all high-school seniors had taken sex-education courses in 1985, up from 60 per cent in 1976. Yet when we look at what is happening in the sexual lives of American students, it seems doubtful that sex education is doing any good at all. The statistics by which we may measure how our boys and girls are treating one another sexually are little short of staggering:

—More than one-half of America's young people have had sexual intercourse by the time they are seventeen.

—More than one million teenaged girls in the United States become pregnant each year. Of those who give birth, nearly half are not yet eighteen.

—Teen pregnancy rates are at or near an all-time high. A 25 per cent decline in birth rates between 1970 and 1984 is due to a *doubling* of the abortion rate during that period. More than 400,000 teenaged girls now have abortions each year.

—Births to unwed teenagers rose 200 per cent between 1960 and 1980.

—Forty per cent of today's 14-year-old girls will become pregnant by the time they are nineteen.

Perhaps there are individual programs here or there that are successful, but these numbers are, I believe, an irrefutable indictment of sex education's overall effectiveness in reducing teenage sexual activity and pregnancies. For these numbers have grown even as sex education has expanded. I do *not* suggest that sex education has *caused* the increase in sexual activity among young people; but clearly it has not prevented it. As Larry Cuban, professor of education at Stanford University, has written, "Decade after decade . . . statistics have demonstrated the ineffectiveness of such courses in reducing sexual activity [and] teenage pregnancy. . . . In the arsenal of weapons to combat teenage pregnancy, school-based programs are but a bent arrow. However, bent arrows do offer the illusion of action."

LET ME GIVE you a few examples. These are not "worst case" examples—they are not examples of the most controversial and provocative material used in some sex-education courses. These are, rather, examples of approaches commonly used in many schools.

A curriculum guide for one of the largest school systems in the country suggests strategies to "help students learn about their own attitudes and behaviors and find new ways of dealing with problems." For example, students are given the following so-called "problem situation," asked to "improvise dialogue" and "act it out," and then discuss "how everyone felt about the interactions."

Susan and Jim are married. He becomes intoxicated and has sex with his secretary. He contracts herpes, but fails to tell Susan.

**What will happen in this situation?*

**How would you react if you were Susan and found out?*

The so-called "Expected Outcome" of this exercise of "acting out" and "interacting" is to get the student "to recognize sexually transmitted diseases as a threat to the individual."

Another lesson presents the situation of an unmarried girl who has become pregnant. Various people in her life recommend various courses of action —from marriage to adoption to abortion. Having described the situation, the teacher is then supposed to ask the following questions:

**Which solution do you like best? Why?*

**Which solution do you like least? Why?*

**What would you do if you were in this situation?*

And the "Expected Outcome" of this exercise is "to identify alternative actions for an unintended pregnancy." Now we know what will probably happen in the classroom discussion of this lesson. Someone will opt for one course of action, others will raise their hands and argue for something else, more will speak, the teacher will listen to all opinions, and that will be that.

Exercises like these deal with very complex, sensitive, personal, serious, and often agitated situations, situations that involve human beings at their deepest levels. But the guiding pedagogical instruction to teachers in approaching all such "Sensitive and Personal Issues" is this, and I quote: "Where strong differences of opinion exist on what is right or wrong sexual behavior, objective, informed, and dignified discussion of both sides of such questions should be encouraged." And that's it—no more.

What's wrong with this kind of teaching? First, it is a very odd kind of teaching—very odd because it does not teach. While speaking to an important aspect of human life, it displays a conscious aversion to making moral distinctions.

Now, do we or do we not think that sex for children is serious business, entailing serious consequences?

Mr. Bennett has been Secretary of Education since 1985.

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When adults maintain a studiously value-neutral stance, the impression likely to be left is, as one 12th-grader put it, "No one says not to do it, and by default they're condoning it."

It is not that the materials used in most of our schools are urging students to go out and have sexual intercourse. In fact, they give reasons why students might want to choose not to have intercourse, and they try to make students "comfortable" with that decision. Indeed, you sometimes get the feeling from reading these textbooks that being "comfortable" with one's decision is the sum and substance of the responsible life. These materials are silent as to any other standards of right and wrong by which a student might reach a decision to refrain from sex, and which would give him or her the inner resources to stick by it.

If this is how sex education is taught, we should not wonder at its failure to stem the rising incidence of teenage sex, teenage pregnancies, teenage abortions, and single teenaged parents. One developer of a sex-education curriculum recently said, "If you measure success in terms of reduction of teen pregnancy, I don't know if it has been successful. But in terms of orientation and preparation for students to comfortably incorporate sexuality into their lives, it has been helpful." There's that telltale "comfortably." But American parents expect more than that from their schools. I think most Americans want to urge their children to do not what is "comfortable," but what is right. Why are we so afraid to say what that is?

I believe the American people expect sex-ed courses to teach their children the relevant physiology, what used to be called the "facts of life," but they also expect that those facts will be placed in a moral context. In a recent national poll, 70 per cent of the adults surveyed said they thought sex-education programs should teach moral values, and about the same percentage believe the programs should urge students not to have sexual intercourse. And, believe it or not, teens agree. According to a recent survey, seventh- and eighth-graders who have chosen not to engage in intercourse say that the greatest influence on their decision is the fact that "It is against my values for me to have sex while I am a teenager." Social-science researchers report that mere factual "knowledge alone has little impact, and that even peer pressure is less powerful" than what they call "the student's internalized beliefs and values."

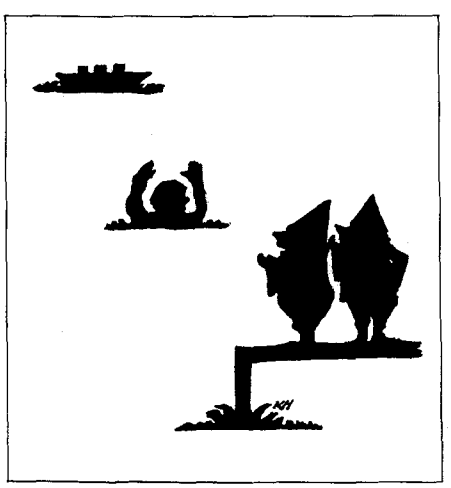
How, then, might sex education do better in shaping the beliefs and values of our children? It could pay frank attention to the *real* issue, which has to do with responsibility for oneself and for one's actions. In the classroom, as at home, this means explaining and defending moral standards in the area of sex. Schools ought to tell students exactly what most American parents say at home: Children should not engage in sexual intercourse. Why isn't this message being taught in more classrooms? Why isn't this said?

Three excuses are commonly offered.

Some argue that given the diversity of today's society, you could never determine whose values to put into the sex-education curriculum. If they are right, being "comfortable" with one's decision is the only consensual value left.

I don't buy it. When it comes to the well-being of our children, there are certain things on which virtually all Americans agree. I have never had a parent tell me that he or she would be offended by a teacher telling a class that it is better to postpone sex. Or that marriage is the best setting for sex, and in which to have and raise children. On the contrary, my impression is that the overwhelming majority of parents would gratefully welcome the schools' help in transmitting such values.

Second, some say that teenage sex is so pervasive now that we can't stop it. The kids are going to "do it" no matter what, so we ought to make sure they have contraceptives. As a member of one Washington lobbying organization said last month, "All of us wish teenagers wouldn't have sex, but Reagan and Bennett are dealing with the world as they would like it and we're looking at it as it is." Well, Reagan and Bennett *are* talking about the world as it is. Yes, sex entices from many parts of the culture. So does violence. So do drugs. But school is supposed to be better, and do better, and point to a better way.



"But asylum has been deinstitutionalized!"

PARENTS WHO are trying to do better for their children, who are trying to shape their children's character, need an ally in the schools. They do not need another opponent, or an unprotesting "option" provider. Furthermore, not "everybody" is doing it, and we might wish to give those youngsters who exercise sexual restraint —half of our 17-year-olds—support and reinforcement, too. A survey of girls under the age of 16 by a teen-services program at Atlanta's Grady Memorial Hospital, for example, found that nine out of ten girls wanted to learn how to say no. This is not just Reagan and Bennett talking, it's girls under 16 talking. One way to help young girls say no is for adults who care to teach them the reasons to say no, and to give them the necessary moral support and encouragement to keep on saying it.

Others, including many in the scientific community, say we can't mold character in sex-ed courses because, well, we just don't know how. Take, for example, the much publicized report on teenage pregnancy by the National Research Council of the National Academy of Sciences. After studying research into why children refrain from having sex, the panel comes to the preliminary conclusion that "self-perception (not self-esteem) —that is, the sense of what and who one is, can be, and wants to be—is at the heart of teenagers' sexual decision-making."

This would be a good starting point for developing educational programs aimed at helping our children understand ways in which premature sex hinders the possibilities of becoming who they can be, who they want to be. But, strangely enough, the National Research Council shies away from taking that step, saying instead,

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"We currently know very little about how to effectively discourage unmarried teenagers from initiating intercourse." The council accepts the inevitability of teen sex, and urges "making contraceptive methods available and accessible to those who are sexually active and encouraging them to diligently use these methods" as "the surest strategy for pregnancy prevention."

I have a couple of observations about this. There is no evidence that making contraceptive methods more available is the surest strategy for preventing pregnancy. Nor is it true that "we currently know very little about how to effectively discourage unmarried teenagers from initiating intercourse." What we know about such matters is not easily amenable to being measured and quantified. Nevertheless, we *do* know how to develop character and reinforce good values. We've known for quite a long time. As columnist William Raspberry has said, you do it the old-fashioned way. You make it clear to young people, through habit, example, and precept, that there are moral considerations in life. This method has been tested and proven through centuries of experience, and the National Research Council is acting with an extravagantly single-minded blindness when, in the name of science, it ignores experience, and instead touts a highly mechanical and bureaucratic solution to the problem of teen sex.

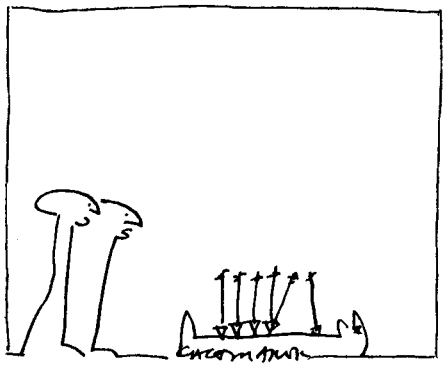
The National Research Council's solution—more widely available contraceptives in the schools—betrays a view of sex, and of life, that is dangerous for our children. For to suggest to our children that really the only things that matter about sex are pleasure, or "comfort," or not getting pregnant, or not getting a sexually transmitted disease, is to offer them still another very bad lesson. Why? Because it's false. It's false because, as every adult knows, sex is inextricably connected to the psyche, to the soul, to personality at its deepest levels. Sexual intimacy changes things—it affects feelings, attitudes, one's self-image, one's view of another. Sex involves men and women in all their complexity; it involves their emotions, desires, and the often contradictory intentions that they bring with them, whether they mean to or not. It is, in other words, a quintessentially moral activity.

All societies have known this and have taken pains to regulate sexual activity. All societies have done so, sometimes wisely, sometimes not, because they have recognized that sex is fraught with mystery and passion, that it involves the person at the deepest level of being. As John Donne wrote, "Love's mysteries in *souls* do grow." Poets, novelists, philosophers, saints, and most psychiatrists have known that the power and beauty of sex lie precisely in the fact that it is *not* like anything else, that it is not just something you like to do or don't like to do. Far from being value-neutral, sex may be among the most value-loaded of human activities.

IT DOES NO good to try to sanitize or deny or ignore this truth. The act of sex involves deep springs of conduct. It is serious. It has complicated and profound repercussions. And if we're going to deal with it in school, we'd better know this and acknowledge it. Otherwise, we should not let our schools have anything to do with it. To make sex out to be something less powerful than it is, as our present sex-ed programs usually do, is just as much a dodge as denying the importance of sex. We serve children neither by denying their sexuality nor by making it a thing of no moral account.

With these thoughts in mind, I would like to offer a few principles that speak to the task of educating schoolchildren about sex. These principles are, I believe, what most American parents are looking for in sex education.

First, we should recognize that sexual behavior is a matter of character and personality, and that we cannot be value-neutral about it. Neutrality only confuses children, and may lead them to conclusions we wish them to avoid. Sex-education courses should teach children sexual restraint as a standard to uphold and follow.



"You can always tell the pioneers."

Second, in teaching restraint, courses should stress that sex is not simply a physical or mechanical act. We should tell the truth; we should describe reality. We should explain that sex involves complicated feelings and emotions. Some of these are ennobling, and some of them—let us be truthful—can be cheapening of one's own finer impulses and cheapening to others.

Third, sex-education courses should speak up for the institution of the family. To the extent possible, when they speak of sexual activity, courses should speak of it in the context of the institution of marriage. We should speak of the fidelity, commitment, and maturity of successful marriages as something for which our students should strive.

To the girls, teachers need to talk about the readiness for motherhood. They must not be afraid to use words like "modesty" and "chastity." Teachers and curriculum planners must be sure that sex-education courses do not undermine the values and beliefs that still lead most girls to see sexual modesty as a good thing. For it is a good thing, and a good word. Let us from time to time praise modesty. And teachers must not be afraid to teach lessons other girls have learned from bitter experience. They should quote Lani Thompson, from T. C. Williams High School in Alexandria, Virginia, who says of some of her friends: "I get upset when I see friends losing their virginity to some guy they've just met. Later, after the guy's dumped them, they come to me and say, 'I wish I hadn't done it.' "

And the boys need to hear these things too. They need to hear what it is to be a father, what the responsibilities of being a father are. And they should be told that the readiness to accept the responsibility of being a father should precede or at least accompany the acts that might make them fathers.

Fourth, sex-education courses should welcome parents and other adults as allies. They should welcome parents into sex-education classrooms as observers. They should inform parents of

(Continues on page 56)

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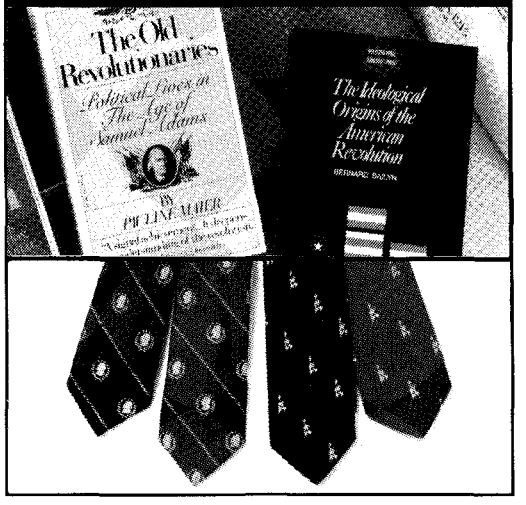
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NOTHING LEFT TO STEAL

One of Miguel de la Madrid's principal promises when he began his six-year term as president of Mexico late in 1982 was to put an end to the inflation that had ravaged the country for nearly 11 years. But his time is running out, and inflation is worse than ever, with no end in sight. The cost of living soared 105.7 per cent in 1986, and seems likely to rise between 115 and 135 per cent this year. Unless de la Madrid can bring inflation under control in the last 18 months of his term, the question of whether there can be a peaceful transfer of political power away from the party that has ruled Mexico for the last sixty years may be put to the test in 1988.

De la Madrid's two other main promises were to stamp out corruption in government, and to bring about an improvement in public safety. While *mordidas*—bribes—still are often necessary "to arrange matters" with police and bureaucrats, there have been none of the billion-dollar frauds against the government that distinguished the preceding administration. And since ruling Mexican politicians are all in the same party—the Partido Revolucionario Institucional (PRI)—they do not follow the recent American practice of making mountains out of molehills. In fact they do exactly the reverse. Most of the real crooks of the López Portillo regime remain in untroubled possession of real loot.

Corruption on a grand scale is inevitable wherever the illicit narcotics trade flourishes as it does in Mexico. Some of the "drug kings" still awaiting trial for the torture-murder of the U.S. Drug Enforcement Agency's Enrique Camarena in 1985 have accused high police officials of deep complicity in the drug traffic.

Meanwhile ordinary crime and police predation on the public are also flourishing. The mayor of Mexico City, where there were 150 bank holdups in 1986, explained that inflation has so reduced police buying power that some policemen have to rob to eat. So many of them have quit that police strength for this city of 18 million people now is only 25,000, down from forty thousand six years ago. Car thefts average fifty a day, a few of them at gunpoint in heavy traffic.

For a few months after de la Madrid took office, foreign creditors regarded Mexico as a model debtor, and the outlook was hopeful. Revenues from oil exports had declined sharply from record highs but were still healthy, as were foreign-exchange earnings from tourism and from the growing number of American and Japanese "in-bond" plants along the northern border. The cash crisis left by the preceding administration had been relieved by a $3-billion "bridge loan" from the United States, and the International Monetary Fund (IMF) stood by with additional credits. It was at this point that de la Madrid launched his "national development plan" for 1983 through 1988. This plan called for government "redirection and structural change in the economy." Critics said that could only mean still more central planning, while the IMF was insisting on less. Moreover, no long-range development plan can survive high inflation.

Trouble came soon. Mexico's economic problems began long before the earthquake of September 1985, nor were they wholly due to a shortage of foreign exchange to meet interest payments on the country's $100-billion debt. The government's *peso* expenses far exceeded income, and the money presses had to be operated around the clock. Higher taxes and increased domestic borrowing were not enough to cover the deficit.

In 1984, de la Madrid's threat of a moratorium on the foreign debt won him more time and other concessions. Still, the domestic budget deficits continued to grow. Inflation and interest rates rose toward the stratosphere. By 1986 the government was paying up to 100 per cent annual interest on *pesos* borrowed from the public. Today it costs Mexico more to carry its domestic debt than its foreign debt. The *peso* this May was worth less than one-12th of a U.S. cent, and was losing value daily. Rumors persist that it will be abolished altogether and replaced as the national currency by an *azteca*, worth one thousand or possibly ten thousand *pesos*.

In this turmoil, millions of people saw their savings wiped out and their living standards debased. Poor families living in the *colonias populares*, or slums, are especially hard hit. A National University case study shows that they must spend 60 to 70 per cent of their wages for food. Most of them scrape by on a diet of thin soup, beans, and tortillas. Meat and poultry disappeared long ago from their *chozas*. Many can no longer buy cooking gas or electricity. Utility poles in the slums are festooned with scores of illicit power taps.

Recent opinion polls show that less than half the public approves of de la Madrid's performance in office. Eighty-nine per cent said the nation's economic condition ranged from bad to very bad, and 78 per cent said morosely that the government seldom does anything right.

Spokesmen for PAN (Partido Acción Nacional), the main opposition party, charge that Mexico's economic decline is government-inflicted. The country had enjoyed steady economic growth and consequent improvement in living standards from World War II until 1970, when Luis Echeverría became president. While preaching the merits of a mixed economy, Echeverría intro-

Mr. Lake writes frequently for NR *about Mexican affairs.*

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duced a program of socialist central planning, deficit spending, redistribution of wealth, price fixing, and state capitalism that resembled in major respects the policies of his good friend Fidel Castro in Communist Cuba.

Echeverría increased the number of state-owned businesses from about fifty to 750, all run by party members. He ran up large budget deficits, borrowed $24 billion abroad, and bowed out in 1976 by devaluing the *peso* a drastic 45 per cent. His rubber-stamp Congress, far from denouncing that action, or even deploring the need for it, gave him a tumultuous ovation. The bureaucracy, which he so greatly expanded in numbers and power, had become Mexico's "golden class" and, in the opinion of many, the real rulers of the country.

DESPITE ITS catastrophic consequences, the Mexican government has followed Echeverría's program, with minor modifications, ever since. José López Portillo, a former college professor, succeeded his old pal Echeverría as president on December 1, 1976. There was a money crisis but he promised to set things quickly to rights. And he had a truly excellent chance to do just that. Mexico is, after all, one of the world's largest nations, with natural resources exceeding those of West Germany and Japan combined. The oil boom that was making Mexico—for the second time in its history—one of the greatest petroleum producers was pouring billions into the national treasury. Billions more were available for the asking from bankers eager to put the oil sheiks' deposits to work. In a fit of euphoria, López Portillo assured his subjects that they would have to become accustomed to affluence.

But López Portillo in office was Echeverría multiplied. Instead of repudiating Echeverría's rule-by-bureaucrat fiasco, he expanded it. The number of *paraestatales* (state-owned businesses) soared to more than 1,100, all but a very few of them big money losers. Many managers are able to retire rich after only six years' service. Deficits, borrowings, subsidies, paper money, and "made" jobs all expanded, but confidence sagged and billions of dollars took flight. The *peso* was devalued again. Falling oil prices put an end to López Portillo's dream, and a year before the end of his term it was plain to all that he had blown his country's chance to become a developed nation. López Portillo himself, however, had become a very rich man, while saddling Mexico with the world's second largest foreign debt.

López Portillo's final bow topped Echeverría's. As the climax to his sixth state-of-the-nation address, he announced to a stunned audience of notables from around the globe that he was, as of that moment, expropriating the entire privately owned banking system, consisting of a half-dozen big chains with branches in every city and town throughout the republic. López Portillo's Congress howled its approval, and the Cabinet and the Supreme Court joined in the cheering. Luis Pazos, a leading economist, pointed out that in seizing the banks the president was complying with a perennial demand of the Communist Party of Mexico. He recalled that Lenin and his Bolshevik followers also had seized their nation's banks, "by decree, at a single stroke." The Mexican Congress made the expropriation legal after the fact, by a constitutional amendment. The Mexican constitution, unlike the American, is easily changed.

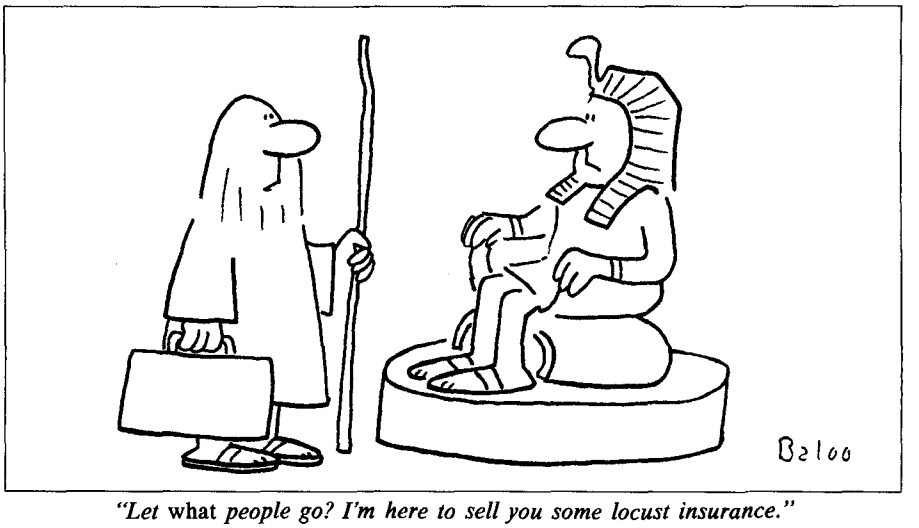
The Mexican government is hard up still, but hopeful. On May 1 it received the first $3.5-billion installment of a $7.7-billion supply of "fresh money" from worried creditors. With that money and other loans to follow, the government will crank up scores of long-postponed public-works projects designed to create jobs and give the economy a quick boost. Food subsidies have already been increased.

The $7.7-billion was raised with great difficulty from the 530 U.S., European, and Japanese banks that had lent money to Mexico previously. Gustavo Petricioli, the Mexican finance minister, had made it plain that creditor banks must make new loans in order to have any chance of collecting on their old ones. The fact that Mexican government debt could be bought for 59 cents on the dollar was a major factor in the bankers' reluctance. So too were Mexico's automatic anti-U.S. votes in the United Nations and demands by the Mexican Left for outright repudiation of the nation's foreign debt.

THE MEXICAN government had expected to have the "fresh" money in hand several months ago, and the delay has cast added doubt on its ability to stimulate the economy in time to help PRI prospects in the 1988 national elections.

The PRI's iron grip on the nation's three million bureaucrats and their families, and on the millions of *campesinos* at work on government-owned farmlands, makes the party a strong favorite to retain control of the government as it has done without a break for sixty years.

But social unrest fueled by the seemingly endless economic crisis, and the fast-growing strength of the opposition Partido Acción Nacional, just might produce the first genuine national election contest in Mexico in more than half a century. Although the chances of a PAN victory are remote, a good scare just might lead the PRI to abandon its failed drive toward a Marxist-type economy and adopt instead a market economy in which the public has a genuine voice. □



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KINDS OF CATHOLICS

I HAD TO SEND the cover design of the book back to the publishers. They had printed the title as "*The* Catholic Moment." The italicized definite article would be presumptuous, as though this were the definitive, make-or-break, do-or-die moment for Roman Catholicism. That community of faith has been around for a while and, come what may, will doubtless survive this moment as well. The question posed by "The Catholic Moment" is whether the Roman Catholic Church will play the culture-transforming role for which it is now singularly positioned in America and the world.

It certainly is not going to do that if Jay P. Dolan is right. Dolan is an historian at Notre Dame and has written a very big book titled *The American Catholic Experience*. There is little risk of doing the book an injustice by summarizing its argument in two propositions: 1) The American Catholic experience is, all in all, a success story. 2) The evidence of success is that Catholics have become like everybody else in America. Oddly enough, and perhaps unconsciously, Dolan accepts as his premise the thesis of rabid anti-Catholics like the late Paul Blanshard, who contended that *the* issue is whether one could be both a loyal Roman Catholic and a real American.

To this day many people join Blanshard in answering in the negative. The somewhat new thing is that many of those who agree with Blanshard are themselves Catholics. What is celebrated as the arrival of Catholicism in America is a resounding vindication of the Blanshard thesis that there is an irresolvable incompatibility between Roman Catholicism and Americanism. The irresolvable is purportedly resolved by muting or eliminating the Roman Catholic side of the problem.

Successfully assimilated Roman Catholics sometimes say that they are not doctrinal Catholics or liturgical Catholics or ethical Catholics but *communal* Catholics. That is, being Catholic has little to do with accepting truth claims, participating in sacramental grace, or adhering to moral norms. The word "Catholic" denotes something residual, the afterglow of what was once a way that claimed to be shaped by truth, grace, and obedience. In "American Catholic," the qualifier is "Catholic." It appears as an almost accidental and very private twist on being American. It is nothing that need disturb or challenge anyone else, any more than there is cause for public notice that someone is a United Methodist or an adherent of New Age.

Little wonder that the arrivists of American Catholicism are not enthusiastic about the Pope's coming back here again. He is a reminder of the bad old days of authoritative truth, sin and grace, and binding morality. He conjures the ghost of Paul Blanshard, reminding everyone that no matter how often you say "American Catholic" there is something inescapably Roman about Catholic.

SOME SELF-IDENTIFIED Catholic traditionalists are delighted, naturally. Far from being embarrassed about being different, they exult in it. They are convinced that Vatican II was a horrendous mistake. They are revanchists striking back at all that has gone wrong, and they are convinced, mistakenly I believe, that this Pope is their man to restore the *status quo ante*. The arrivists and the revanchists both agree with Blanshard that it is not possible to be truly Roman Catholic and truly American. They only differ on which they have decided most truly to be.

But Paul Blanshard and his ilk are wrong. At least that was the claim of John Carroll (1735-1815) and the early bishops in America. Like Father John Courtney Murray in this century, they were convinced that Roman Catholics had a very particular religious, cultural, and political contribution to make in redefining the American experience. In the process, Catholicism would be changed as well, but it would be no less distinctively Roman Catholic.

Neither revanchists nor arrivists do much to advance that process. It is said that some traditionalists claim to be more Roman Catholic than the Pope, which is both amusing and true. But of course the claim is self-contradictory, for the Pope has a most particular say in defining what it means to be Roman Catholic. Similarly, the Americanism claimed by the arrivists is a very selective version of the American experience. In Jay Dolan's telling of it, for example, the "everybody else" whom Catholics are just like is not everybody else at all. "Everybody else" is the culturally up-market part of America commonly described as the new knowledge class. In this view, the real arrival of American Catholicism is that its leadership has joined an elite that is arrayed against the great majority of Americans, including of course the great majority of American Catholics.

So revanchists have a very specialized definition of Roman Catholicism, and arrivists a very specialized definition of America. Their culpability in vindicating the Blanshard thesis is not equal, however. At least the revanchists set forth an identity that is interestingly different, which, ironically, is a very American and pluralistic thing to do. The arrivists, on the other hand, not only deprive the rest of us of a religious difference that makes a difference but, in their touching eagerness to be like everybody else, impoverish the culture they so uncritically embrace. One must hope that the American Catholic experience will not turn out to be as banal as Jay Dolan would have it. □

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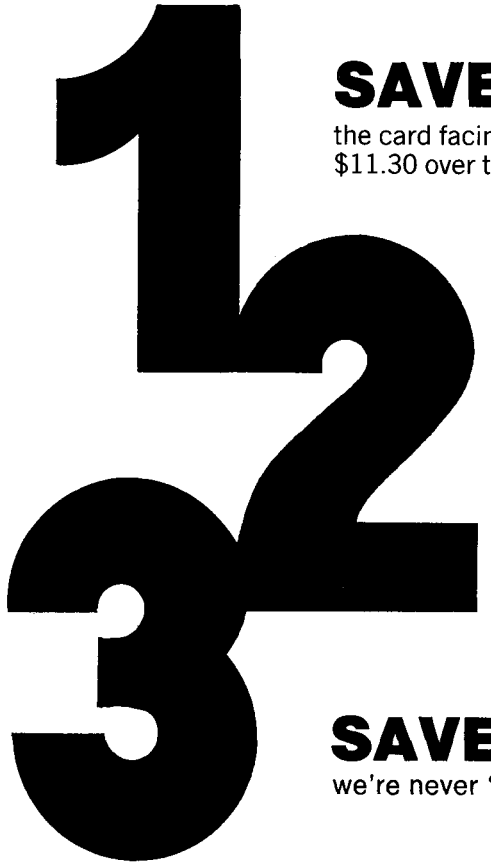

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THE CLAUSEWITZ OF TRANSYLVANIA

B. Bruce-Briggs

Strategy: The Logic of War and Peace, by Edward N. Luttwak (Harvard, 283 pp., $20)

ATTEMPTING A theoretical treatise on military strategy is pretentious, but no one can deny that Edward N. Luttwak is the most qualified of living military writers. His background guarantees breadth of scope and originality of outlook. He was born in Transylvania, Dracula country, where Hungarians, Rumanians, Germans, and Jews have been savoring the blood of their neighbors for a millennium; was raised in Sicily and educated at a Zionist public school in England; briefly resided in Israel; fell in with a young Californian named Richard Perle at the London School of Economics; was, in his first U.S. job, a flunky for the pro-ABM lobby organized by Paul Nitze and the nuclear theorist Albert Wohlstetter; and has written imaginatively and informatively on nuclear strategy, naval strategy, the Israeli army, the Roman and Soviet empires, and all matters military.

Luttwak has lofty intelligence, enormous learning, a brilliant literary style, a lack of cant, and the perception to thrust at the key point. Moreover, he is intellectually independent. Alas, many defense analysts are writing flackery on contract and/or hustling for Pentagon jobs. Luttwak has avoided the institutional restraints (and salutary discipline) both of government and of satellite research organizations.

In contemporary journalistic parlance, he is "a high-flying hawk," but he belongs to no ideological or political gang. His name has been associated with the so-called "military reformers," but that is merely because he is critical of many Pentagon practices and is highly (and properly) skeptical of inflated claims for cheap and easy solutions from high-tech whiz-bangs. Luttwak's universe is entirely occupied by Pure Power, with no room for ideology, virtue, honor, or even vengeance. Counter-insurgency is easy—just kill everybody. His world is a Greater Transylvania, quite alien to the "Anglo-Saxon" mind, but we should not forget that Transylvania is nearer to Moscow than Georgetown is.

The treatise on strategy—the art of generalship—is a genre whose format is familiar to students of philosophy and social science: The theorist attempts to write general laws that apply in all times and all places, so that the treatise is a texture of internally consistent principles, expressed as generic abstractions, buttressed and illustrated by examples from history and analogies from other fields of knowledge. The exemplar is Clausewitz's *On War*.

Luttwak's central Big Idea is that of the paradox: Threatening war keeps peace; war is a road to a presumably favorable peace; operations within war are frequently in apparent contradiction to their ends. He claims this is unique to war—but saying no can be a sexual strategy for saying yes. The next abstractions are "maneuver" (an apparently unconscious rehash of "the indirect approach" of the great military journalist Liddell Hart) and "friction," the principle that events rarely occur as planned (this is unadulterated Clausewitz). Then Luttwak discourses sensibly on the dialectics of warfare: Measures provoke countermeasures, which provoke countercountermeasures, etc., *ad infinitum*.

The introduction is strategical babytalk, perhaps enlightening to junior officers, but inaccessible to them in this arcane format. The bulk of the book is an elaborate five-layer hierarchy of military concepts ranging from technics to grand (national) strategy. This is clever and well argued, but tiresomely intricate. Luttwak is a primary promoter of the German concept of the "operational level of war" lately inserted between classical "strategy" and "tactics" in U.S. Army doctrine. To be sure, officers must be kept occupied between wars, but is military scholasticism preferred to polo? He closes by asking if the adopting of his system would improve military performance. He is doubtful—and he is correct.

He also attacks "non-strategies" of sea power, air power, and nuclear deterrence. As counterfire to the inflated claims of fans of floating, flying, and fissioning military machines and munitions, his broadsides are useful, but they would be more plausible if he had accurately and empathically described the programs he is barraging.

Not that *Strategy* is without assets. The brief discourse on "armed suasion" —winning by threats without fighting

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Michael Liccione is completing his PhD in philosophy at the University of Pennsylvania, where he taught for several years.

Franz M. Oppenheimer, a frequent contributor to The American Spectator, *is a Washington lawyer.*

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—is superb. The examples the author uses to illustrate his principles are concise, to the point, and usually accurate. He employs contemporary military disputes for illustrative detail, and here his judgment is almost always exactly on target. Particularly impressive is his argument that the preferred means of defending Western Europe is the threat of tactical nuclear warfare. (Of course, this is directly relevant to the present dispute over arms control of theater nuclear weapons.) But these sections are curt to the point of opaqueness unless the reader is fully conversant with the background of the disputes, and Luttwak has developed most of his ideas more fully elsewhere.

His major policy concern is with the considerable threat of the Soviet land army. His bludgeoning of maritime strategy is a skirmish in his *guerre de course* against the navalist rodomontade floated by John Lehman. Far from being a treatise that would apply to all wars, Luttwak's *Strategy* is a very contemporary document. To be sure, this is true of all such efforts—Clausewitz was reacting against Enlightenment notions of chess-game warfare. While Luttwak claims to have found the logic of all wars, his mind is focused on World War II (or rather the European theater, because his account of the Pacific war is wondrously muddled), the most recent Palestine wars, and the protracted conflict between the Soviet Union and "the West." Luttwak's effort will be unintelligible in a decade.

It is a pity to see such talent wasted. The preface and the contents of the book suggest that the author's heart was not in his task, and that he had to push it through to satisfy a foundation grant and a publishing contract. The numerous petty errors and sloppy analyses may reflect Luttwak's lone-wolf status—collective work is never brilliant, but competent colleagues can save brilliant brains from dumb mistakes.

And Luttwak's vigorous prose style could not survive in the thin air of high theory. This unlucky sentence begins chapter 13: "No matter how they are interpreted, in the light of goals inappropriately linear-logical or properly conflictual, the results emerging at the level of grand strategy are only 'final' in the sense that they mark a completion of the interactive process in both its horizontal and vertical dimensions, when all other external transactions have had their impact on the military levels."

Strategy can only be recommended as an unfortunate example to academic scholars of military theory. Professional soldiers and civilian analysts should turn elsewhere for illumination. Still, they and the general reader should not be dissuaded from Luttwak's other works: His superb *The Pentagon and the Art of War* is still in print. □

BORN-AGAIN SOCIALIST

Franz M. Oppenheimer

The Black and the Red: Francois Mitterrand—The Story of an Ambition, by Catherine Nay (Harcourt Brace, 404 pp., $19.95)

FRANCOIS MITTERRAND may well remain president of France for another eight years, and hence in charge of the defense and foreign policy of our most dependable ally. For that reason alone Catherine Nay's magnificent biography* demands attention. But apart from that, there are few lives in fiction that can rival the surprises, mysteries, color, and achievements of the life of Mitterrand.

Catherine Nay is especially masterly in tracing the intricacies of French domestic politics and the complex relations between Mitterrand and other politicians, particularly Pleven and Mendès-France. She is sketchier on Mitterrand's private life, apart from telling the story of his first engagement, giving us a hint of "the young minister's reputed success with women," and wondering with respect to his tolerance for his wife's far more radical political views whether a husband "who sometimes feels guilty" might grant his wife "concessions—even ideological ones—that he would grant to no other woman."

Among the surprises are the qualities of Mitterrand that make him appealing to conservatives who may be familiar only with the bloodcurdling socialist rhetoric of his later years. Radicalism could not have been predicted from the cradle. Mitterrand's roots in the Cognac region of France are upper-middle-class and Catholic. From his happy childhood, much of which was spent under ancient elms in his maternal grandfather's comfortable country house on 250 acres, from his family's love for God and France, and from his life as a student at the Sorbonne in the sheltered but stimulating student house run by the Marist Fathers at 104 rue de Vaugirard sprang a lifelong love of tradition, of friends, of the French countryside, of the French classics, and of the ritual of the Catholic Church (a love at war with his later profession of disbelief in the Church's doctrines). That background may also account for François Mitterrand's "deep-seated, violent anti-Communism," for his political career during the Fourth Republic in parties mostly of the Right-Center (he was a cabinet minister 11 times between 1946 and 1958), and for his vigorous stand

*It is a pity that this valuable book is marred by slovenly editing and careless translating, often resulting in grotesque misstatements. Thus "abortion" becomes "maternity leave"; Mitterrand's country house in the forests of the plain of Les Landes becomes a "mountain retreat"; 15 becomes fifty; and so on.

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RANDOM NOTES

☐ Last June Title: *American Journals* (Paragon, $15.95), by Albert Camus and translated by Hugh Leverick, with an introduction by Roger Quillot, consists of two notebooks kept by the novelist on a brief trip to the U.S. in 1946 and a longer one to Brazil, and is pretty slim pickings, even for Camus enthusiasts.

☐ Coming in July: In *Hemingway: The Life and the Work* (Simon & Schuster, $24.95), Kenneth S. Lynn connects, with painstaking imagination, the "cunningly wrought fiction," conveyed by an impressionist and minimalist prose, with the intensely complex mind of the creator.

Don't Tread on Me: The Selected Letters of S. J. Perelman (Viking, $19.95), edited by Prudence Crowther, covers 51 years in the life of the American humorist and is further testimony to the fact that one man's meat is another man's Perelman.

In *On the Run* (Lyle Stuart, $19.95) Philip Agee—the CIA operations officer who resigned in 1968 over the agency's activities in Latin America and wrote a book exposing his former colleagues—recounts the events of his career and what he claims are government attempts to harass and discredit him. . . . *Conspiracy of Silence: The Secret Life of Anthony Blunt* (Farrar, $22.95), by Barrie Penrose and Simon Freeman, is an excellent biography of the Cambridge don who became a close friend of the British royal family, famous art historian, and director of the Courtauld Institute of Art, and who Prime Minister Thatcher told the House of Commons—in 1979, 15 years after Blunt confessed—had been a top espionage agent for the Soviet Union.

In *Witness to Gettysburg* (Harper & Row, $19.95) Richard Wheeler presents the three-day conflict mostly as it was observed and experienced by participants, whose eyewitness accounts he has woven into a dynamic narrative climaxed by his own strategic account of the battle. —CW

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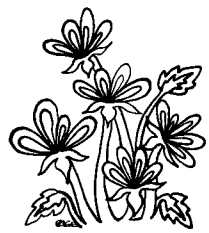
as minister against the abandonment of Algeria by France. "To abandon Algeria," he said in 1958, "would be a crime. . . . for without Africa there will be no history of France in the twenty-first century."

Other qualities of François Mitterrand can be admired from all points on the political spectrum. He is a man of courage. He showed physical courage as a member of the Resistance, and moral courage again and again in public office. For instance, when at the age of thirty he became a cabinet minister for the first time, the Communists were the largest party in France, representing 26 per cent of the electorate and wielding fearful power. On his arrival at the ministry, the Communist staff was on strike; the strikers censored communications and barred entry to all but him and one new fellow political appointee. His predecessor's secretary, the daughter of a Communist deputy, was sleeping in Mitterrand's office. Undaunted, Mitterrand managed to arrange the escape of his fellow appointee from the Communist-guarded building, carrying with him a signed ministerial decree that dismissed all the mutinous senior bureaucrats and appointed non-Communists in their stead. Communists have had good reason to be afraid of Mitterrand ever since.



Mitterrand has always lived according to Winston Churchill's admonition: In defeat, defiance. As a prisoner of war he twice failed in escape attempts before succeeding on his third try. His political career has been riddled with seemingly catastrophic setbacks. In October 1959, all but Mitterrand himself and a handful of his most loyal friends had abandoned any hope of a political future for him. The reason for this hopelessness was a bizarre event, never entirely explained, known as the Affair of the Observatory. Near that building—so Mitterrand reported, after midnight, to the police—he had escaped assassination only by leaving his car, which had been hit by seven bullets, and jumping to safety over the railings of the observatory gardens. A few days later it became known that, at the very least, Mitterrand had had advance notice of the assassination plot and advance assurance of its being fake. Mme. Nay writes that Mitterrand was to carry this affair "like a millstone around his neck."

Mitterrand shares the ability to rise from the ashes with the young Disraeli, who emerged triumphant from comparable humiliations. Mitterrand's career resembles Disraeli's in another respect: Just as English history in the nineteenth century was critically determined by the instant antipathy between the young Disraeli and Sir Robert Peel at their first meeting, so contemporary French history would not have been the same if de Gaulle and the young Mitterrand had not bristled at one another when they first met in Algiers in 1943, and in two subsequent meetings. After those encounters there was no way Mitterrand could have had a political career other than in opposition to de Gaulle.

That fact raises the question, which Mme. Nay's book does not answer, whether Mitterrand's eventual conversion to Socialism was due solely to opportunism. Undoubtedly, after de Gaulle's rise to the presidency in 1958, opposition on the left provided Mitterrand with his only possible road to power. And it was only on June 16, 1971, at the Socialist Party Congress in Epinay, upon his election as first secretary of the party (without even having acquired a membership card), that Mitterrand, at age 55, "raised his fist and sang the 'Internationale'—for the first time in his life." As Mitterrand put it himself: "Efficient grace took a long time to reach me."

Moreover, there is a streak of Marxist ruthlessness and vindictiveness in Mitterrand, displayed in the purges of the civil service and the management of the nationalized companies when he acceded to power in 1981. But when weighing the charge of opportunism, one must bear in mind that Mitterrand's conversion applied essentially to his views on economics, a field in which he, like de Gaulle, did not have the slightest interest. True, while in opposition he also never voted in favor of a defense budget, and he opposed a nuclear strike force. But his change of mind on those scores is easily explained by the shock of crossing over from the playground of the opposition to the hard-hat area of governmental responsibility.

By contrast, when Mitterrand makes economic pronouncements, like, "The capitalist system is the root of all evil"; "The real enemy is the monopoly of money"; or, as in the election campaign of 1981, "I am the only one who is able to overcome unemployment," he continues to speak from uninterested ignorance. When he speaks of the evil powers of money, he harks back not to Karl Marx but to Marshal Pétain and to certain nineteenth-century French Catholic currents of opin-

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ion on social policy. It is revealing that "in the 12 years of the Fourth Republic [during which he was almost continually a member of the cabinet] he never took part in a single major economic debate"; and that in 1972 he said, "I have never had any link of any kind with the world of business."

Thus, Mitterrand never had the occasion to discover the truth of Samuel Johnson's dictum that "there are few ways in which a man can be more innocently employed than in getting money." Mitterrand is a socialist in the same way Samuel Johnson said a dog is an infidel; "that is to say, he has never thought upon the subject."

No wonder then that Mitterrand was as quick to discard incantatory socialist economics in 1982 as he had been slow to embrace them. And no wonder that he seems not to have found it difficult to live as president with a government dedicated to private enterprise, denationalization, and economic deregulation. For him the essentials—a strong defense, distrust of the Soviets, and commitment to the Atlantic Alliance—have not changed. The United States is lucky to have an ally in which there is such a consensus on those essentials. □

MARIO CUOMO v. THE CITY OF GOD

Michael Liccione

Caesar's Coin: Religion and Politics in America, by Richard P. McBrien (Macmillan, 294 pp., $19.95)

AN ECCLESIOLOGIST by trade, Professor Richard P. McBrien is a liberal apologist by avocation. Through his newspaper column and television appearances, he acts as the media's barometer of "moderate" American Catholic dissent from Vatican pronouncements. He appeals to the many middle-class Catholics who, in order to float with the secular mainstream, rely on *hauts vulgarisateurs* for opinions acceptable to the information elites. So even though he wrote this ramshackle book for a broad audience of "intelligent nonspecialists," they won't find anything original and provocative in it. Such significance as it does have derives from the views and career of its hero, Mario Cuomo.

The governor's famous lecture on abortion at Notre Dame in September 1984 was given at the behest of the chairman of the theology department: none other than Professor McBrien, who amply and sympathetically airs it in *Caesar's Coin*. (That this book was published just when Cuomo seemed ready to announce a run for the Presidency is no coincidence.) McBrien recounts many of Cuomo's other public statements on religion and politics, especially those made in clashes with John Cardinal O'Connor, Archbishop of New York. Needless to say, the hero bests the dragon. McBrien thrice quotes approvingly a statement Cuomo made a few weeks after his Notre Dame lecture: "What I *did* say, and what I repeat, is that if we are serious about making certain values a part of public morality, part of the statutes . . . that bind everyone, there must first be a public consensus; that's the way laws are made in a democratic society." The book exhibits the sense of moral and intellectual expediency that lies behind that statement.

All legislation is legislation of values; it is nonsense to say that legislation of particular values requires a pre-existing consensus on the content or relative importance of those values. If such a consensus were always *morally* required, it would be wrong to seek, pass, or enforce any law against numerically significant opposition. If such a consensus were always *practically* required, no laws could ever be passed without it. And if such a consensus usually obtained, hardly anything would be politically controversial. Well then: How to decide what values one may, and what values one may not, seek to legislate in the absence of a pre-existing consensus? That is the general question underlying debate about the relation between religion and politics in America.

As McBrien recognizes, to exclude all religious values from legislation would be both impossible and undesirable. Every branch of government in this country invokes the God of ethical monotheism. Exploiting the consensus that explains this practice, clergymen openly exert political influence by telling people, in effect, that God

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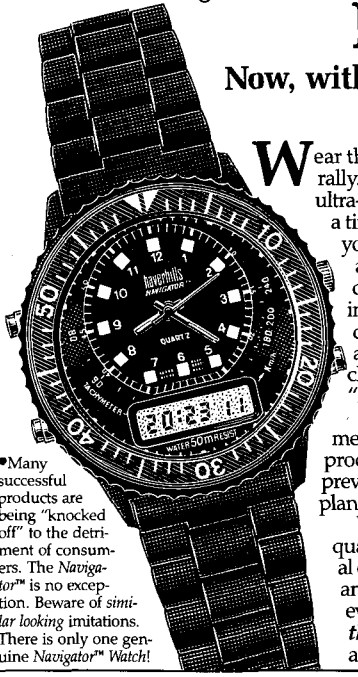

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favors this or that nonconsensual policy. And on many vital issues—such as abortion, civil rights, and defense policy—the dictates of religious dogma can coincide with the results of independent moral reasoning. It would be absurd to refrain from legislating any moral position that some people adopt because they think God commands us to adopt it. But which among such positions may we *not* seek to legislate?

However he chooses to address that question, a theologian should at least address it with a wisdom of another order than that of the *New York Times*. I almost hoped for such a higher wisdom when I opened the book and saw that it bristles with scholarly appurtenances. Much of it reviews pertinent literature in religious studies, political philosophy, and jurisprudence. Terms are explained, distinctions made, disparate views summarized, court cases cited. Notes and appendices proliferate. But McBrien nowhere suggests that these sources collectively validate his own policy views, and he knows that some of his favorite sources could be interpreted to support other policy views. Indeed, he invites us to treat all the research as a "primer" that might just as well be read on its own. But he obviously includes it in order to lend academic respectability to his own recommendations. After much hemming and hawing, those turn out to harmonize with the recommendations of secular liberal orthodoxy.

Thus we should not impose on citizens any moral stricture that many of them fear religious zealots want to impose on them—even if that stricture could rationally be advocated without recourse to revelation or clerical authority. Militant religion rouses strong passions: To legislate its prescriptions in the absence of consensus would threaten social peace and transgress against the venerable virtue of prudence. So goes the key argument of Cuomo's abortion lecture; so much represents the sum of McBrien's wisdom.

Neither Cuomo nor McBrien argues that religious opponents of slavery in the 1850s were in any way bound to convince most Southerners that slavery was wrong before working to abolish it by force of law. Abolitionism, however, contributed mightily to the breakdown of social peace before and during the Civil War. Now if you believe—as I suppose Cuomo and McBrien do—that the Supreme Court was as wrong to deny legal personhood to fetuses in 1973 as it had been to deny it to slaves in 1857, then why not work to change things by every means not intrinsically illicit? Catholic bishops may have been wise to be circumspect about slavery, a long-standing practice that wasn't necessarily homicidal. But if fetuses are persons with rights, then the recently large-scale practice of killing them is not a matter for political circumspection.

McBrien notes that there is something approaching an American consensus against abortion-on-demand. He concludes from this that if only the zealots would stop agitating for a total ban, we could get abortion restricted to cases of rape, incest, etc. But the real problem, in this as in other cases where religion and politics mix, is that an influential secularist minority is using the courts to impose its values on the rest of us. Of course, since that minority believes its values to be nonsectarian and obvious to any rational American, it believes that to enshrine them in the law of the land is not to "impose" them. And since McBrien, like many of his colleagues, wants to be respected by such people, he never really challenges their belief in *Caesar's Coin*. But the book does point its intended audience to some better ones. □

FAITH IN FIDEL

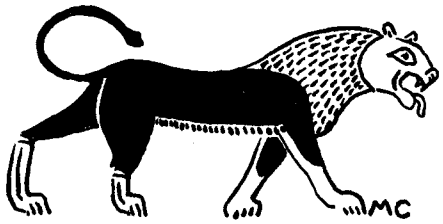
Joseph Sobran

Fidel and Religion, by Frei Betto (Simon & Schuster, 314 pp., $19.95)

IF YOU HAVEN'T had the privilege of sitting in a hot stadium listening to Fidel Castro speak for five hours, this may be the book for you. Father Betto is a Brazilian priest of the liberationist persuasion, and his fawning interviews with Castro make Tad Szulc's *Fidel: A Critical Portrait* seem, by comparison, like a critical portrait.

Here is the book's final sentence (don't worry, I'm not spoiling the suspense): "I was swept by a wave of fraternal admiration for Fidel and offered up a silent prayer of thanks to the Almighty Father."

Really. Here are a few from page 83: "Monday, May 20, 1985. The island awoke and was startled by a new imperialist act of aggression: Radio Martí had just begun broadcasting on shortwave from the United States. The fact that an anti-Cuban radio station used the name of the most venerable national hero and inspirer of the Revolution hurt the people's feelings."



The shock of the insult was so grave that Castro had to cancel that day's interviews. Whether the rest of Cuba got the day off too isn't mentioned.

A lot of things aren't mentioned, except, glancingly, in Harvey Cox's introduction. Cox notes that Castro retaliated against Radio Martí by "canceling an emigration agreement." Meaning, though he doesn't spell it out, that Castro avenged himself on the Cubans who might otherwise have been permitted to leave. Cox is a creampuff, praising Castro as much as he dares before an American readership (noting, e.g., that "illiteracy has been virtually eliminated" in Cuba), but he's bare-knuckled compared to the almost literally adoring Betto, who asks not one single tough question in the entire book.

Nonetheless, *Fidel and Religion* has caused quite a stir in Latin America, Europe, and of course the Communist world. Why? Because Fidel indicates his benevolence toward Christianity—the "progressive" brand, of course. He speaks highly not only of liberation theology but of the American Catholic bishops. (Congratulations!)

Betto, who has been invited to speak in both Cuba and Nicaragua, apologizes for the historical conduct of the Church in taking the side of the oppressors and exploiters, and seeks terms of absolution from El Comandante. Fidel is magnanimous. He sees deep congruence between the ideals of Christianity and socialism, and dismisses old Marxist talk of "the opiate of the people" as the product of specific, transitory historical circumstances; there's no fundamental incompatibility, not when there are priests like Betto and the Sandinista leadership.

Castro is making a big play here

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for Christian support in the West. And he is having some success, if you count the likes of Cox and Betto as Christians. Ideological sympathy is bad enough, but the personal obsequiousness goes beyond the requirements of the laws of history: "Fidel is a frank, sensitive person, someone you can ask any kind of question and even disagree with." Amazing, isn't it? Not that Betto avails himself of this wondrous openness, but how nice to know it's there if you need it.

It doesn't occur to Betto what he's saying: After all, there are lots of big shots even in the capitalist world you can ask any kind of question and even disagree with. Why is it so surprising in a democratic socialist leader? Can it be that Castro is, shall we say, a dictator?

Bosh, says Castro, as if anticipating the question. (He raises it himself; far be it from Betto to do so.) Dictators make one-man decisions and rule by decree. I, Fidel, am only *primus inter pares*. The title *dictator* fits Reagan better than me.

Betto comes nearest to asking a critical question when he inquires whether it's wrong to discriminate against Christians "who want to join the revolutionary process" in their schools and workplaces. "I'm against any form of discrimination," Castro says, though he concedes that there may still be some "subtle discrimination" against Christians. And if only he were a dictator, he might be able to put a stop to it. But, alas, "It isn't our policy to say 'This is so' from the top or in a meeting of the Political Bureau or in a meeting of the Central Committee." There are those institutional restraints to think of. Fidel has to bring the rest of the Party leadership around to his way of thinking—easier said than done. (You can almost see the sigh of cigar smoke as he explains this sad fact of life.)

Fortunately, Father Betto is too thoroughly the Christian ever to put a question whose implications might hurt the people's feelings, even though, as mentioned earlier, Fidel is a man you can ask any kind of question and even disagree with.

The book does have its moments.

—CASTRO: "Within the Protestant churches, there are some groups with which—due to their special characteristics—the Revolution did have some difficulties, as was the case of the Jehovah's Witnesses—but I've read that Jehovah's Witnesses usually cause problems everywhere."

—CASTRO: "I believe that our system is really much fairer and much more democratic [than the capitalist societies]. I'm sorry if I've offended anybody, but you force me to speak clearly and sincerely." BETTO: "That's very good; those are Christian virtues, Commander." CASTRO: "Wonderful, I'm all for them. I fully endorse them."

By the way, if you've been wondering why the Vatican briefly silenced the Brazilian priest Leonardo Boff, this book is dedicated to him. That explains a lot. □

A MOMENT IN HISTORY

Robert H. Ferrell

Mutiny on the Amistad: The Saga of a Slave Revolt and Its Impact on American Abolition, Law, and Diplomacy, by Howard Jones (Oxford, 271 pp., $22.95)

AS HISTORIANS have exhausted the larger issues of American history, they have turned to the smaller, and sometimes to legal cases—especially those of the nineteenth century, when points of law were being tied together into a loose fabric that would cover much of the nation's later history. Howard Jones has chosen the *Amistad* case of 1839-41. But the smaller can illuminate the larger, and let it be said quickly that *Mutiny on the Amistad* is no legal chronicle but an analysis of an important moment in American history that casts a light upon politics and society during the preceding half-century, back to the Constitution and the Declaration of Independence, and similarly illumines the approaching Civil War.

The author begins with the capture of the *Amistad* off Long Island by an American naval lieutenant. Aboard ship were four children and 39 black adults, plus a crew of two Spanish seamen and a slave—the blacks had murdered the captain and the cook. In a flashback one sees the reasons for violence: the capture of the blacks in their native Africa, the long voyage to Cuba, then transshipment to what was to have been slavery in Puerto Rico. By 1839, Spain had outlawed the slave trade, but Cubans easily continued it by use of false flags, bogus passports, and bribery of local Spanish officials.

To describe what happened once the U.S. Navy towed the sloop into New Haven is to lose the story. The tale itself stands out in the book's opening chapters and in the illustrations. The latter are almost breathtakingly beautiful—the low, slim ship lying offshore, sails partly furled; in the distance, some unnamed merchantman disappearing in a gorgeous fluff of canvas. Likewise the handsome drawings of the defendants as they appeared during the trials: The painting of the blacks' leader, Joseph Cinqué, is unforgettable, a mixture of intelligence and concern on his proud, youthful face, and willingness to await the decision of fate.

The case caught the popular attention. In the era of Phineas T. Barnum, the plight of the imprisoned blacks easily turned into a circus. In New Haven visitors tramped through the jail (admission was 12 and one-half cents) gazing at the captives, who smiled in return and often laughed—their jailer had told them that if they did not laugh they might scare white

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visitors. For the still curious, some would-be artist, turned huckster, managed a painting, 135 feet long, replete with horrible scenes of death and destruction. Peale's Museum in New York re-created the captives in wax, along with scenes of the mutiny. Boston's Amory Hall had wax figures too, with hair from the captives' heads.

All the while the legalities were spun out, together with many irrelevancies, as the case wound through federal courts—district, circuit, at last the Supreme Court. Abolitionists in the North secured counsel for the imprisoned blacks and created as much of a hullabaloo as they could, hoping to demonstrate the dangers as well as the essential evil of slavery. After prayer and much writing in his diary, the former President of the United States, John Quincy Adams, championed the cause of Freedom (as he would have written it) against the Slave Power, acting as a lawyer for the defense, and typically espied politics in the behavior toward the case by President Martin Van Buren. The redoubtable JQA's vision was hardly clouded. Although Van Buren, true to his role as the Fox of Kinderhook, never revealed what he thought of the *Amistad* case, even in his loquacious *Autobiography*, it is a fairly sure bet that he wanted the *Amistad*'s human cargo sent back to Cuba or Africa, posthaste, for the good of his reelection in 1840 and generally for the good of the Democratic Party.

To his credit, Jones has done two things with this book: He has set out both the human problem and the legal complexities. The result perhaps is a less gripping volume than it might have been, for to combine such disparate themes, the one exciting and moving, the other necessarily detailed and likely to be dull, would have been a trick for any writer. But the legal story is necessary, for several reasons. For one, it shows the litigious nature of early America, when ten lawyers easily could stand on the point of a needle; the mind of early national America was legal to a fault. Secondly, the book's legal explanations show the almost mystical reverence of that age for the Declaration of Independence, the rights of man, the need for government to protect people—a timeless heritage. When old J. Q. Adams drew his audience back to the era of his youth, when he had known the Founding Fathers, his listeners moved back with him in their minds' eyes, even if (as in the case of Justice Joseph Story) they saw that he was being emotional. Thirdly, the book's legal explanations show how politics and human passion had entered legal issues and were drawing the country ineluctably into the Civil War. And lastly, the book demonstrates the learning of Justice Story, one of the nation's truly great lawyers. With eloquence that almost swept Story off his feet, Adams had called upon natural law, morality, all to obtain freedom for the *Amistad*'s captives, to prevent their return to Spanish Cuba, where they would have been tried and probably executed. Story wrote to his wife that it was an "extraordinary argument . . . extraordinary . . . for its power, for its bitter sarcasm, and its dealing with topics far beyond the record and points of discussion." Writing the opinion of the court, however, he invoked American law, not higher law, affirming the right of self-defense by persons held illegally.

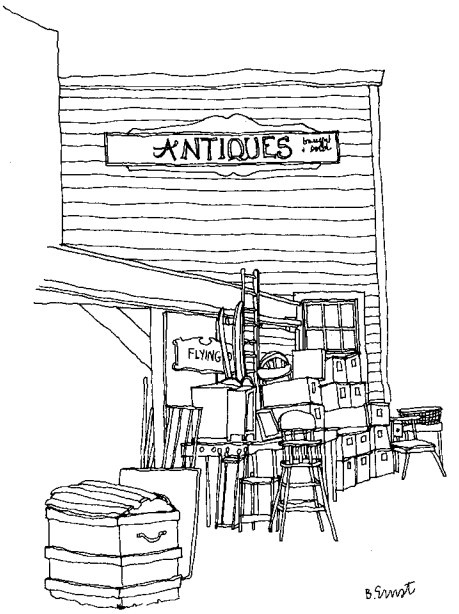
Freed by American law, not by judicial legislation, the *Amistad*'s captives sailed back to Africa aboard a ship oddly named the *Gentleman*, and thereupon disappeared into history. □

THE SELF-DIVIDED MAN

Paul Gottfried

Lionel Trilling and the Fate of Cultural Criticism, by Mark Krupnick (Northwestern University, 215 pp., $21.95)

BY THE TIME of his death, in November 1975, Lionel Trilling had become truly a celebrity. A long, laudatory obituary of him appeared in the *New York Times*; *Time* magazine ran a detailed account of his scholarly achievements; and *Commentary* devoted an entire essay to a discussion of his funeral service. Trilling figures prominently in Norman Podhoretz's *Making It* and *Breaking Ranks*. In both autobiographical works, Trilling stands out as a role model, although Podhoretz, as the historian Alexander Bloom observes, moved away from his teacher twice: once in becoming a radical in the early Sixties and a second time, "when he passed him on the right." Another of Trilling's students in English literature at Columbia University, Jeffrey Hart, describes him with comparable reverence. Yet Hart, a Catholic and a conservative, believes that Trilling could not perceive the defects of the modernism he represented. While some interpret Trilling as a friend of conservatism—or at least neoconservatism—who could not go all the way, Sixties-type leftists, particularly Morris Dickstein in *Gates of Eden*, claim to find him on the radical side. Trilling, who emphasized subjectivity in his literary criticism, was drawing attention to the alienating structures of modern American life.



Trilling's reputation has something striking about it that goes beyond the range of his admirers. Mark Krupnick, in this first published biography of him, characterizes Trilling as being "the single most important cultural critic in this century among American men of letters" without being the foremost reader of texts, aesthetic theorist, or "wide-ranging literary intelligence." Krupnick manages to define "cultural criticism" in such a way as to fit Trilling's particular interests in selfhood, alienation, and the liberal imagination. This is not to suggest that Krupnick engages in empty puffery. Trilling was for many a compelling intellectual figure, although in the light of conventional scholarly standards it may be difficult to understand why. Much of his *œuvre* was undistinguished: studies (now dated) of Matthew Arnold and E. M. Forster; an artistically flawed novel, *The Middle of the Journey*; and some mostly forgotten short

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stories. He also published several volumes of essays, one of which, *The Liberal Imagination* (1949), brought unexpected fame by selling more than 100,000 copies. Trilling's writing could always be distinguished by its convoluted and deliberately archaic style. An admirer of Matthew Arnold, Trilling reveled in Victorian syntax and nineteenth-century aesthetic judgments.

But his defects somehow enhanced his aura of greatness. His was a constructed self, a testimony to the cultural modernism he expounded. The son of Polish Jewish immigrants, he willed himself to become a Columbia University professor of English, at a time when others of his background were excluded from that honor. And he turned himself into something even less likely, given his starting point, than a respected professor: a mid-nineteenth-century Victorian gentleman, stylistic tics and all. Krupnick grasps the unsettling aspect of this situation. He notes that the "tradition" evoked in Trilling's work was never a personal ancestral one. He remarks that Trilling used the terms "credence" and "assent," borrowed from John Henry Newman, to describe his psychological —not theological—evolution. Trilling worked to develop a Victorian persona, independently of those religious doctrines that inhered, if only vestigially, in Victorian English culture. He thought first that Marxism, then that Freudian psychology explained problems that some (but not all) Victorians had turned to religion to understand. In his later years, Trilling increasingly abandoned the gods of modernity, but he clung to the virtue of civility, which he identified with Matthew Arnold.

Ironically, Trilling, the modernist with the constructed self, came to hold thoroughly conservative attitudes incompatible with his professed modernist beliefs. Though *The Liberal Imagination* is sometimes used to illustrate Trilling's blindness to the American conservative heritage, the work is a brief against the impoverished and programmed liberal imagination. One can easily move from there to the implicit conclusion that only conservatives, or anti-liberals, produce and appreciate great art. Trilling's novel, *The Middle of the Journey* (1947), deals critically not only with Communist fellow-travelers but, as Krupnick points out, with liberal idealism in general. The two Communist sympathizers, Arthur and Nancy Croom, sentimentalize about the working class but are unable to confront the impending death of a friend, which threatens to shatter their dream world. The friend, John Laskell, who is the protagonist of the novel, draws inner strength from his suffering, while his intimations of mortality raise him above the claims of any political ideology.

Krupnick sees beyond the themes of redemptive suffering and naïve fellow-traveling to what is biographically most significant in Trilling's thinly disguised statement of belief: "the portrait of the self-deluded liberal . . . in opposition to whom his best criticism of the Forties was written." If Krupnick is right, then Trilling by the late Forties had abandoned not only his earlier Communist infatuation but any passion for political reform. The protagonist of his novel, who is portrayed as spiritually superior to the politically idealistic Crooms, is unmistakably apolitical.

Trilling's most enduring achievement, as a teacher even more than as a writer, was to have shown the civilizing value of great literature. He recognized literary greatness without regard to sectarian concerns. Unlike other New York intellectuals, he hailed the flowering of Southern literature and Southern literary criticism from the 1930s on. Even before he had fully renounced the Left, he praised William Faulkner and Allen Tate for their tragic visions. He also mocked the simpleminded playwright Clifford Odets, long a favorite of New York radicals. According to Krupnick, Trilling created "a new kind of cultural hero" on the Left, a "self-divided man" contemptuous of "simplistic rally cries." But such a model could not be appropriated by the Left, for the behavior Krupnick associates with Trilling avoided politics as well as rallying cries. The self-divided man moved from the middle of his journey toward the kind of ideal exemplified by John Laskell.

This picture of Trilling is hard to square with the more political one familiar to his neoconservative critics and admirers. Podhoretz in particular was disturbed that Trilling failed to act more decisively when student radicals vandalized Columbia University in 1968. Trilling was betraying his own political convictions by not speaking emphatically against the vandals. In November 1968, his wife, Diana, published an essay in *Commentary* in which she denounced the student radicals but depicted her husband as caught between loyalties to his political values and to his students.

I myself once reacted to this defense with righteous disgust, but would do so no longer. The postwar Trilling took his *refus d'engagement* earnestly enough not to allow the New Left or its critics to interrupt his way of life. As an older, established teacher, he may have preferred winning the trust of promising students, even those who showed seriously defective judgment, to defending an academic establishment of careerists, bureaucrats, and ideologues. Trilling sounded like the Crooms when he sentimentalized about his students. But he was right in not going to battle for the purity of a self-defiled institution. Having arrived, he had lost his illusion about the object of his striving, together with his idealism. Not cowardice but a sense of proportion may have been what caused him to stay out of the storm in 1968. □

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John Simon

EVERYTHING is relative in this world, even criminal waste. When Michael Cimino spent $40 million on the godawful *Heaven's Gate*, it caused the collapse of United Artists; when Francis Ford Coppola spent a similar sum on the somewhat better *Apocalypse Now*, he bankrupted his own American Zoetrope studio. Along comes Elaine May with Dustin Hoffman and Warren Beatty as stars (and the latter as producer, too) in a $51-million disaster called *Ishtar*, and though there is some finger-wagging and an acid review or two, where is the much-needed chorus of disgust?

Ishtar was meant as a takeoff on all those Crosby-Hope-Lamour *Road to . . .* movies, when the road had never a care or a Kerouac. But what could Miss May, the writer-director, have been thinking of? It was easy enough to spoof the Morocco of Valentino or Josef Von Sternberg. But if you invent the imaginary country of Ishtar, which by some geographical hocus-pocus becomes the buffer between the Western world and Qaddafi's Libya, and is ruled by a corrupt emir supported by our government, it is not quite enough to have two no-talent American musicians rattling around and getting into scrapes. There has to be genuine political satire, for which, Allah knows, we have more need than ever.

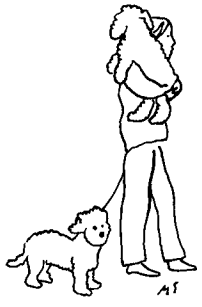
What is particularly depressing about the movie world is the magic power associated with a Big Name. Let someone have a sizable success once, and it doesn't matter how many failures follow apace, how many companies go bust because of him, how many crimes he commits (without going to jail, or barely); he can, henceforth, fail only upward—the Begelman Syndrome. Guy McElwaine, the chairman of Columbia Pictures (since dismissed, but surely about to resurface in comparable or greater splendor), bought the idea of *Ishtar* with, reputedly, nary a word on paper at a projected budget of $28 million—a rather hefty sum even today, but not quite the road to hell.

That, however, was reckoning without three gigantic egos, or what you might call threegomania. Aljean Harmetz's story in the *New York Times* about the making of the film was more hilarious than anything in *Ishtar*, which, by the way, was the name of the Babylonian goddess of love; after this movie, she might have to stand for self-love. Hoffman and Beatty each received between five and six million, with Beatty paid extra for producing; but that, gross as it is, is not the worst of it. Miss May's misplaced perfectionism, seconded by the fanaticism of her cinematographer, Vittorio Storaro, reveled in reshooting sequences (some of them forty or fifty times) whose possible imperfection was as nothing to the staggering deficiencies of the grand plan. She ended up with a picture, part of it shot in Morocco, that does not display anything looking like $51 million on the screen, but that would be just as wrong—overblown, pretentious, top-heavy—if it did.

The film is really two films for the price of four: one about how these two wretched songsmiths got together in New York, and one about what befalls them on a booking in North Africa, the only thing other than Nicaragua their disgusted agent (well played by Jack Weston) could get them. The deliberately rotten pop songs are not especially funny, first, because nowadays a parody can sound no sillier than the real thing, and, second, because Hoffman and especially Beatty make badness seem more pitiful than amusing. And no comic idea is really explored: Hoffman is a fake ladykiller, of which nothing is made; Beatty a Texas nerd, hopeless with women, of which nothing is made either. His feeble Texas accent comes and goes, and how much comic mileage can you get out of such things as Hoffman's prolonged attempt to teach Beatty that the word is *schmuck*, not *smuck*, without ever succeeding?

There are a few funny lines and, when we reach North Africa, even a couple of funny scenes—one involving a blind camel, the other Hoffman's desperate attempt to pass as an Arab interpreter with odd bits of Hebrew and doubletalk. There is visual fun when our heroes, lost in the desert, are beak-smackingly contemplated by some circumambulating vultures, and Charles Grodin is delightful as a yuppified CIA operative who can make Realpolitik feel like a game of squash. So much for *Ishtar*'s assets.

Elaine May is simply unable to follow through on a comic idea—say, on the device of an ancient map and a prophecy that would make our two bumblers the messengers of God and igniters of a religious war. Even the political intrigue between Moscow and *their* Arabs and Washington and *our* Arabs, with the two schmucks, or smucks, caught in the middle, is either too muddled or not muddled enough to pay off. Action scenes involving crowds are, moreover, beyond Miss May's directorial ken. Hoffman manages to hold his own pretty much, but Beatty seems to have become bleached out both inwardly and outwardly. Isabelle Adjani, playing a beautiful Arab Communist agent disguised as a boy (hence the numerous jokes about her being mistaken for a boy whore), looks like nothing, which is most unusual for her, and acts like nothing, which is rather less so.



We have, then, a fiasco as good as any, and quite a bit costlier. But because reviewers are either dazzled by the blaze of a $51-million funeral pyre on which three big names are immolating themselves, or intoxicated by the headiest hype in some time, the wretched film is hanging in for the nonce. The only real laugh I got was from the report that, for a while, Beatty, Hoffman, and Miss May were working separately and at great expense, each with a personal editor, to come up with his or her version of a final cut. It would have been an interesting marketing device to play each version two days a week and, on the seventh, all three dogs in a row.

FILM, AS I have often noted, is the art form that most relentlessly uses up its creators. The history of no other art is so strewn with the stillborn efforts of men and women who once or twice proved magnificent artists. Not least conspicuous, or least saddening, among these is Marco Bellocchio, who began with two remarkable films, *Fists in His Pocket* and *China Is Near*, and then, in spite of sporadic flashes of originality, sank in-

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to obsessive quirkiness. In *Devil in the Flesh*, remotely based on Raymond Radiguet's extraordinary novel, there are scenes that yield no possible sense, shots that are held so long that you think the projector is stuck; the only dubiously memorable sequence is the one where the heroine performs explicit fellatio on the boy hero while he tells her in detail about Lenin's return to Russia. This goes to show that raunchy sex and radical politics make better bedfellows than movies.

Bellocchio, always barely able to contain his anarchic impulses, here seems to be leaping from non-sequitur to non-sequitur, like a tightrope walker who, not content with performing without a net, wants to do without a rope. Andrea, a student in a *liceo*, sees a sexy young woman, Giulia, through the open window of his classroom, and simply walks out through that window in mid lecture to follow her to a courtroom where a bunch of anarchists, including Giacomo, her fiancé, are being tried. Two of these, in an act of supreme defiance, are copulating during the trial in the cage holding the obstreperous defendants. When policemen try to separate them, Giulia and Andrea rise and shout, "Let them finish!" This brings Giulia over to Andrea, and they take off together.

Presently they are making love in the apartment being readied for Giulia and Giacomo, who, having turned state's evidence, will soon be released. The young woman was a patient of Dr. Raimondi, Andrea's psychiatrist father, whom she seduced by popping up naked from the analysand's couch. Dr. Raimondi is a Freudian and, therefore, weird, because the film is dedicated to Bellocchio's rabidly anti-Freudian mentor, Massimo Fagioli, who practices "dynamic therapy" that is to "transform the world" a hundred patients at a time, though he himself seems to be in need of more individualized treatment. Soon Giulia, whose father was killed by terrorists, and Andrea, a member of the Red Brigades, indulge in their own sexual therapy all over the place, to the anger of Giacomo's mother, who tries to stop them by tying strings across doorways, and Andrea's father, who tries to mend his son's ways by attempting to strangle him. But who can resist Giulia's near-naked dance on a floor littered with silverware and crockery?

I cannot detail the manifold lunacies of the film, but let me say that Giulia leaves the freed Giacomo at the altar to audit Andrea's final examination (oral, likewise), in which the youth explicates a passage from Dante correctly but so affectlessly as to annoy the examiners; then translates a passage from *Antigone* flawlessly and defends Antigone's action in such a way as to bring tears to the eyes of Giulia, who, in the film's only understatement, is said to be "possibly insane." According to Bellocchio, the film's ending demonstrates how to combine love with lucidity and responsibility, though I would be more interested in how Andrea found the time to combine all that sex and political activism with studying for his examination. □

DELECTATIONS

DIANA'S HILLOCK

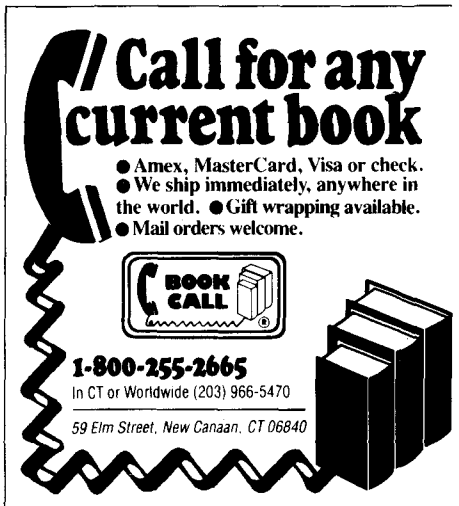
Nika Hazelton

IN A RECENT Delectations, I took a dim view of purely culinary discussions of the so-called perfect meal, arguing that it depends as much on the surroundings and the company as on the food itself. I have experienced all these elements coming together several times in my life; the one I am going to write about today stands out in my mind as true perfection.

I was living at the time on Long Island's hilly North Shore, in a charming house on the big estate of Lawrence White and his wife, Laura Chanler, a couple whom I loved better than I had ever loved anybody outside of my own family. They lived in the Big House, a rambling wooden structure to which the original owner, Stanford White—Larry's father—had added on rooms as he needed them. Though not as splendid as in Box Hill's heyday, the saloon, or main drawing room of the house, was still quite grand, with twisted antique Portuguese columns, whale-oil lamps, and other strange and beautiful objects, including a wonderfully complete set of blue China Trade export china, with more pieces than I ever managed to count. There was a long rhododendron walk, which one entered through an ornate gate, to be greeted by a life-sized statue of Dionysus and Cupid. The statue was known to all of us as "The Old Man with the Baby," although one of my sons was under the impression, as I discovered only years later, that this was St. Joseph holding the baby Jesus.

The densely wooded estate, covering hundreds of acres, ran down the hills to Stony Brook Harbor, where, unforgettably, I once swam in the aftermath of a hurricane, dodging debris in the yellow swirling waters. In a deep gully, filled with pink and white mountain laurel and tender green beeches, stood a small Greek temple—purely decorative, Larry assured me. Another feature of Box Hill was, on a hillock near the Big House, a statue of Diana, fashioned by Saint-Gaudens, shooting her arrow eternally toward Long Island Sound, over the marble benches and a barbecue decorated with fragments of Roman marbles.

All over the place there were Greek and Roman statues, some originals, others casts, peeking from behind the boxwood maze or standing under copper beeches and near fountains, the way statues people the great romantic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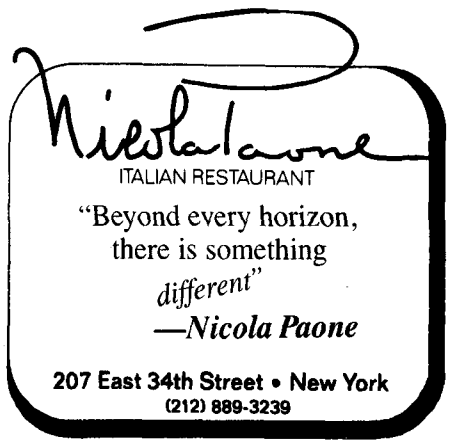

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gardens of Europe. And, like them, Box Hill was slowly disintegrating.

In the middle of one summer, Larry and Laura decided to give a birthday lunch party for my family and myself. I, the birthday child, was to decide on the menu and on the place where I was to be fêted. Much as the Greek temple attracted me as an eating site, I decided on Diana's hillock, because it was closer to the Big House, where the food would be prepared. The meal I chose was simple, and luxurious in its simplicity. It consisted of *foie gras*, a salad of beets, Belgian endive, and watercress, and a strawberry tart with whipped cream on the side. The drink was to be a fine French champagne, Laurent Perrier's *Grand Siècle*, which I like best among the galaxy of French champagnes.

On the great day, washed, oiled, and curled like an Assyrian bull, I turned up at noon on Diana's hillock, where I was formally greeted by Mr. and Mrs. White. To my surprise, a table had been set in front of the marble bench, as formally as for a king's luncheon. An embroidered diaphanous cloth was laid over an undercloth whose pinkness shone delicately through the tablecloth's embroidery. The crystal glasses, the table silver, and the white-and-blue China Trade export plates were arranged with the most careful neatness; a little cloth-lined basket held crusty rolls; and butter had been shaped into curls that nestled in crushed ice to keep them

THE RIGHT BOOKS / CHILTON WILLIAMSON JR.

THE TWENTIETH CENTURY, being no respecter of forms, has a hard time with distinctions. Thus, novels are confused with movies, rock with music, and sodomy with sex; while abortion is detached from the category of murder, and terrorism from something lower even than simple barbarism. Thus, as William McGurn argues in *Terrorist or Freedom-Fighter? The Cost of Confusion* (The Institute for European Defense and Strategic Studies, 13/14 Golden Square, London W1R 3AG, England; $8), the saying that "One man's terrorist is another man's freedom-fighter" has become a kind of public orthodoxy for our time.

As Paul Johnson has written, while civilized people everywhere "condemn terrorism in general and on principle . . . there is often one particular group of terrorists . . . whom they are not prepared to describe as terrorists, but rather as freedom-fighters or guerrillas." Or, in McGurn's formulation, "On the contentious issue of terrorism—its distinction from legitimate forms of political struggle, and the means required to combat it—the awful truth is that a practical consensus does not yet exist" in the West—with results such as the freeing of Abul Abbas, the mastermind of the *Achille Lauro* piracy, by the prime minister of Italy; the Greek prime minister's condemnation of the American strike against Tripoli in April 1986 as a "terrorist action"; and the Reagan Administration's willingness to swap arms for hostages in Iran and to meet with Oliver Tambo of the African National Congress. "Whether or not we choose to label someone a terrorist," McGurn charges, "has come to depend on whether or not we favor the idea of a united Ireland, an independent Afghanistan, and so on." And yet:

> That the point is not merely academic can be seen from the host of related dilemmas that a sturdy definition would go some way toward resolving. For in defining a terrorist one would delineate the parameters within which a guerrilla . . . may operate. . . . This alone would lift the cloud that has settled over such contentious issues as extradition, retaliation, and support for insurgencies against recognized governments.

Each of us is instinctively aware that the terrorist is not, as he claims to be, a real soldier of a different kind; we do not hold him to the same standards to which we hold either statesmen in their direction of wars or soldiers in the prosecution of them, any more than he holds himself to what are, in his belief, outmoded sentimentalities. To the extent that we fail so to hold him, we allow ourselves to be taken in by his spurious claims, and he wins a significant victory over what used to be called "the decent opinion of mankind." And yet, it is to that opinion that he addresses his claim of grievance: "Were this not the case, we should not be required to listen to him at all." McGurn reminds us:

> Self-determination, economic justice, and national sovereignty—these are all part of the same heritage which makes it possible to distinguish between what we recognize as legitimate and what we regard as being beyond the pale. Until now, the terrorist has been permitted to stake his claim, without having to live up to its corresponding responsibilities. If he responds by saying he holds to none of this [e.g., the rules of *jus ad bellum* and *jus in bello*], then by his own logic we need not consider his case at all, nor be expected to abide by our own restraints.

It is true that, when we try to apply the rules of the ancient tradition of just war, we frequently find ourselves working in a grey area: The idea of the just war is no mathematical formula yielding neat conclusions and formulas. However, "In practice, terrorists relieve us of many of these difficulties, since for the most part their actions rarely fall within these grey areas." The terrorist, nearly always, acts in such a way as to deny any limits to violence. Yet, "for all his well-publicized acts, the terrorist has managed to squeeze from society's leaders at least a tacit acknowledgment that he may be right."

Ultimately, McGurn argues, the terrorist must be defined, understood, and judged by his actions, rather than by the claims that he makes for them. As for his ends, even were they laudable to start with, the lack of restraint in the means is certain to corrupt and ruin them at the last. It is only, as McGurn reminds us, by "the gift of the law" that a "favored few" revolutionaries, like Moses or Washington—men who have subjected themselves to the discipline of limits—have avoided surrender to hatred and achieved the just society they made their proclaimed goal. In the event that this simple truth prove too hard to grasp, the road to terrorism will continue to be paved, as it has been in the past, "with the West's good intentions, and with the preoccupation with worthy goals which confuses the personal virtue of sincerity with the political virtue of justice." □

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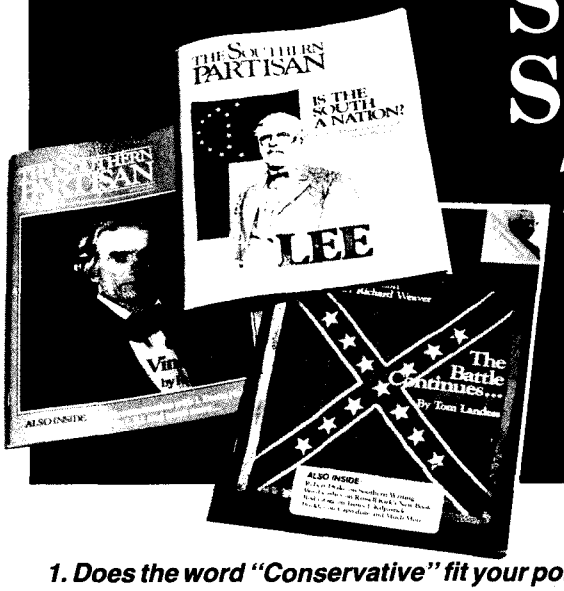

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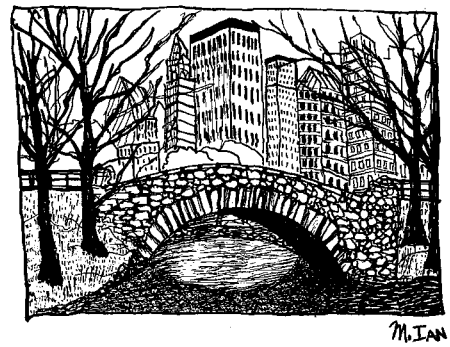
hard. What touched me most about the whole setting was that Larry had taken the trouble to give each of us a menu card, which he had typed himself on an old typewriter he had in his New York office, in an old-fashioned, slanted and curlicued lettering.

What else can I say but that the meal was as perfect as one's fondest hopes? The food alternated in tastes and textures from the unctuous, smooth *foie gras* to the sharp, chewy salad (the dressing was an amalgam of olive oil, French mustard, and lemon juice) to the crunchy crust of a tart containing the biggest, most luscious strawberries in the world. The whipped cream had been embellished with a dash of orange liqueur and a tiny amount of orange rind, and the coffee (made at the table) that followed the meal was as strong and bitter as can be.

Above us the leafy crowns of the trees sang lightly in the gentle wind, the sun shone discreetly through them, Diana went on shooting her arrow, and the world seemed almost a perfect place—not least because Mr. and Mrs. White had taken the trouble to find out what I would like best to eat on that occasion.

Another perfect meal was served me in a slum apartment, but more about that later, I hope. □



BOOKS IN BRIEF

The Oxford Book of British Political Anecdotes, edited by Paul Johnson (Oxford, 270 pp., $17.95)

THE AUTHOR of *Modern Times* boils down over five hundred years of British history to 312 anecdotes. "Anecdotes," he writes in a learned and entertaining introduction, "are a valuable source of historical truth. Inaccurate in detail they may be, but more often than not they convey an essential fact about a great personage which more formal records ignore. . . . I am always inclined to give an anecdote the benefit of a doubt." He produces a book as superb in its way as others in the series, notably the U.S.-presidential, the military, and the literary collections. Johnson's choices range from the Court to Parliament, and he takes care to avoid including shopworn ones. Instead, we get Wellington viewing the new members of the Reform Parliament and declaring, "I have never seen so many bad hats in my life." And Lord Curzon asking a bus to take him home. And Lord Randolph Churchill in 1885 describing his own Tory democracy as "principally opportunism." Thomas More, Disraeli, Gladstone, the incomparable Winston, Harold Macmillan—all are represented, in fine style. The editor's glosses are especially helpful for those who are not up on their royals. JOE MYSAK

BENNETT
(Continued from page 38)

the content of these courses, and they should encourage parents and children to talk to each other about sex. Studies show that when parents are the main source of sex education, children are less likely to engage in sex. This should come as no surprise when one remembers that the home is the crucible of character, and that parents are children's first and foremost teachers.

Finally, schools, parents, and communities should pay attention to who is teaching their children about sex. They should remember that teachers are role models for young people. And so it is crucial that sex-education teachers offer examples of good character by the way they act and by the ideals and convictions they are willing to articulate to students. As Mary Warnock, then of Oxford, wrote, "You cannot teach morality without being committed to morality yourself; and you cannot be committed to morality yourself without holding that some things are right and others wrong."

Sometimes the simplest way to recognize the truth is to consult common sense. With the welfare of our children at stake, we can't afford to be intimidated by the sex technicians. Character education is mostly a matter of common sense. Sex education has to do with how boys and girls, how men and women, treat each other and themselves. It has to do with how boys and girls, how men and women, *should* treat each other and themselves. Sex education is therefore about character and the formation of character. A sex-education course in which issues of right and wrong do not occupy center stage is an evasion and an irresponsibility.

If sex-education courses are prepared to deal with reality in all its complexity, with the hard truths of the human condition, then they are welcome in our schools. But if sex-education courses are not prepared to tell the truth, if instead they want to simplify or distort or omit certain aspects of these realities in this very important realm of human life, then we should let them go out of business. □

MACGUIRE
(Continued from page 30)

chairman of the CRS board, Indianapolis Archbishop Edward O'Meara, has reacted defensively to the queries of his increasingly divided colleagues, preferring to close ranks rather than clean house.

Meanwhile, CRS's food and nutrition programs are being dismantled after unfavorable assessments of programs in Tanzania, Ghana, Lesotho, and elsewhere. The government of Burkina Faso has asked CRS to close its once highly acclaimed mother-child program. Operations in Peru, Egypt, and Mexico have also been severely criticized. "CRS has no professional resources now," a former colleague of mine, still serving in the agency overseas, wrote to me recently. "Just rhetoric."

CRS donations are down this year. Under CRS's new top-flight professional management, overhead expenses have skyrocketed. A once-great Catholic charity is headed straight for disaster, unless the bishops charged with its oversight step in to tame abuses and reassert the Church's authority. As the bishops' pastoral letter asserts, "All the moral principles that govern the just operation of any economic endeavor apply to the Church and its agencies and institutions; indeed, the Church should be exemplary." Unless the bishops act soon, those words will be as empty as the distended bellies of the African poor. □

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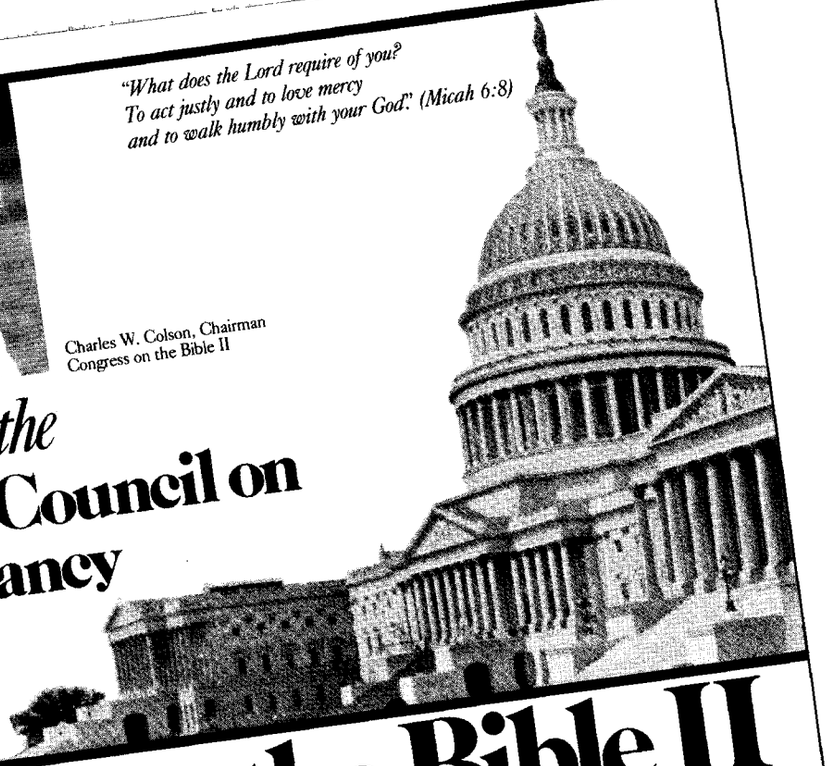
Charles W. Colson, Chairman
Congress on the Bible II

"What does the Lord require of you?
To act justly and to love mercy
and to walk humbly with your God." (Micah 6:8)



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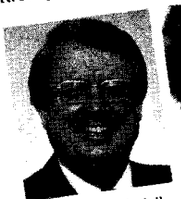

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HARVARD TO THE RESCUE

NEW YORK, JUNE 3

DID YOU graduate from Harvard? Neither did I, and that saves us both from embarrassment today. You oughta see the booklet giving biographical information on the 18 candidates for overseer. After you read the booklet, go to Harvard to listen to one of the faculty denunciations of "one issue" voting. "One issue" voting is defined nowadays as deciding whom to vote for based on the candidates' views on abortion. Otherwise, it's okay. At Harvard, to judge from the overseers-candidate booklet, the one issue is: divestiture. What's good for South Africa's Bishop Tutu is good for Harvard.

This year at Harvard they are electing six new overseers to join 18 incumbents. In addition to the 12 candidates proposed by the Harvard Alumni Association nominating committee, there were six who had been nominated by petition. This required the signatures of 277 Harvard graduates.

What would six petition candidates running for the board of overseers at Harvard have in common? Is there one of them out there who wants to find out why it has proved dangerous for some speakers representing conservative views to appear on campus? Is there a petition candidate who wants to raise hell because of Harvard's pointed refusal to grant an honorary degree to President Reagan, violating its own tradition on the subject of honorary degrees to sitting Presidents?

Well, there are none such among those selected by the Harvard Alumni Association, and there certainly aren't any such nominated by petition. The six petition candidates are allotted about 250 words in which their biographies are given (the same space that was given to the candidates nominated by the Alumni Association).

In each biography of the six candidates the following sentence appears: "_____'s candidacy is supported by Archbishop Desmond Tutu (Hon. LL.D. '79) and by Harvard-Radcliffe Alumni/ae against Apartheid."

And then directly under that sentence, the candidate's political credenda are given. Each one says it in his own way, exhausting all the space left under his name. The first thing said by all the petition candidates is that they wish immediately to prod Harvard to proceed with divestiture of its portfolio in South Africa. Some then go further, for instance, candidate Jerome Grossman (A.B. '38): "As an overseer, I will be particularly interested in exploring the development of peace studies and conflict resolution curricula, the extent of CIA influence in faculty research, and Harvard's relationship with public elementary and secondary schools, particularly in Cambridge and Boston." That's Harvardspeak for peacenickery. Candidate Vic W. Sidel (M.D. '57), after being vouched for by Archbishop Tutu and taking his stand on divestiture in South Africa, says that "concern for social justice is part of Harvard's great heritage and should play a greater role in its current agenda." That's a code word meaning Harvard should hire more socialist professors, if it has room for more.

And so on, with the other four.

Now, I have always thought that people who run for places on the governing bodies of private universities should give alumni some idea of what it is that they would concern themselves with, if elected. It is by no means essential that the concern of those running universities should be political—unless great political issues are in the air. (One would have hoped that those running for the board of German universities in 1933 would have taken a stand on Adolf Hitler.) But what one sees going on in Harvard circles is a group of 277-plus alumni bringing together six, no less, candidates all of them stamped "OKAY—TUTU," evidently the nearest thing Harvard has come up with to a political Good Housekeeping Seal. Do you suppose these gentry have a secret tattoo, certifying them as Tutu-cleared? Within their disciplined community, do you suppose it is safe to apply for membership in an organization, or to run for a position in an organization, without first clearing it with Bishop Tutu?

What would six conservative graduates of Harvard, assuming there are six, do if they wished a complementary seal of approval? "_____'s candidacy is supported by Professor Friedrich A. Hayek, and by Harvard-Radcliffe Alumni/ae against Big Government"?

Your paper may not carry the news, but ask around, after June 5, whether the new overseers of Harvard include Consuela Washington, Peter Wood, Haywood Burns, and Ruth Messinger, in addition to the above; and if so, know that Harvard will give us social justice. □

ON THE STARK FRONT

NEW YORK, JUNE 5

CONCERNING THE attack on the *Stark* in the Persian Gulf, a few observations:

1. Europeans ought to watch very carefully the quiet movement of American opinion, which is not yet resolute, but is isolationist-bound. This is so not alone because we lost 37 Americans in the attack on the *Stark*, but because there is a crystallizing consensus that the Europeans are not doing their share of the work in the peacekeeping operation. We have, coming up quickly, an example of the kind of thing that makes Americans fighting mad, and count me in as one of them.

It is this: The immediate question before the house is, What were the motives of the pilot who fired the Exocet missiles at the *Stark*? There aren't that many possibilities. On the dark side, he might have been told to fire at an American warship in order to make one of those Byzantine points that are the special properties of that part of the world. A second possibility is that he honestly mistook the *Stark* for a vessel engaged in an Iranian mission. A third is that he went berserk.

Now if the first is the true story, we can understand Iraq's unwillingness to permit the pilot to be questioned by U.S. authorities. The willingness of the Iraqi government "in principle" to compensate the victims' families is of course a good sign. But the public wants more than merely a

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cash settlement, and here we run into a situation that abuts on the European problem.

2. The West Germans have had captive a hijacker who two years ago was involved in an episode that resulted in the death of an American, and what we are getting from Germany is the long stall. First the Germans wanted assurances that, if released to U.S. authorities, the prisoner would not be executed. We gave those assurances. But the months drag on; and we have something on the order of the situation after the *Achille Lauro* hijacking, when the Italians permitted the prime suspect to fly off to safety in Yugoslavia.

3. Imposed on the entire situation is the felt impenetrability of the Western European position on strategic and tactical defense. First, the Europeans decline to mobilize sufficiently to offset Soviet mobilization; then they resist the deployment of intermediate-range nuclear weapons to offset Soviet strategic and tactical preponderance; and now they grumble (as well they might) over Ronald Reagan's disastrous decision to remove those nuclear weapons in return for the Soviets' removal of their counterparts, never mind the residual Soviet preponderance in military might.

And yet although we know that Chancellor Helmut Kohl of West Germany is deeply upset over the proposed treaty, he has yielded to domestic political considerations and is grudgingly prepared to go along. Mrs. Thatcher can't, in the middle of a political campaign, play into the hands of the wimp vote, which in Great Britain dominates the Labour Party and is heavily influential in the Liberal/Social Democratic Alliance; and France, which, even under the Socialists, is usually the voice of militant preparedness in matters of European defense, is publicly silent. Leaving many Americans in a to-hell-with-them frame of mind.

4. Now, the loss of life in the Persian Gulf is a personal tragedy to the young men involved and to their families. But it is not properly viewed as a policy-making event. If a bridge falls down in a storm, then all other bridges like it are structurally suspect. But if 37 Americans are killed in a peacekeeping operation, the policy that caused them to be where they were is not automatically suspect. Their death is a part of the overhead of a policy whose correctness is no more invalidated by it than the correctness of firefighting is invalidated by the death of a fireman caught in a blaze. There are housekeeping questions to be answered (Why didn't the Americans kill the Iraqi, rather than the other way around?), but these are not the main event. The main event is: Should the U.S. continue to shoulder the burden in the Persian Gulf given that 95 per cent of the oil that flows through that choke point goes to other countries?

The diplomatic responsibility of our government is to narrow its eyes against the distractions of demagogic comets, and try to keep them focused on the national interest. Even if every European from the Berlin Wall to the west coast of Ireland were a slacker, the United States would still be better off with the status quo than with a Europe dominated by the Soviet Union. But politics, as Michael Oakeshott has taught us, is not made as the crow flies. The American people need, from Europe, a few signs of fraternal affection and self-pride. □

BEYOND BAKKER

NEW YORK, JUNE 1

OTHER PEOPLE'S embarrassments can be fun, particularly when bigmouthed people are caught up in hypocrisy. But the awful mess surrounding the Reverend (if that is what we still call him) Jim Bakker is a mess we revel in at our own risk. It is one thing for a man who wants to be President to scorn the society's mores—you gently, but firmly, remove the White House from his dream garden. It is something else for a society, in enjoying the exposure of a greedy hypocrite, to find its amusement not in disparaging the sinner, but in disparaging the very idea that he sinned. Sinned? What's that?

Bob Hope is a lovable man who, however, would find humor, one supposes, in Auschwitz, provided Auschwitz jokes played at Las Vegas. On his special last Monday, Bob Hope was entertaining the troops down at Pope Air Force Base, and one of his lines was that Jim Bakker said to his girlfriend, "Now I lay me down to sleep. But first things first . . ." Howls from the boys. And on David Letterman's program, comedian Don Rickles dismisses not—listen carefully—what Jim Bakker did, but what Jim Bakker preached.

And the whole thing becomes explicated —by columnist Sandy Grady in the *New York Daily News*. He gives us a brief autobiographical view of his life, which features a sex scandal at his church in Charlotte, North Carolina, when Grady was ten years old, resulting, as he puts it with rakish devil-may-care, in his "drift into the evil ways of secular humanism." And he goes on—it is socially fashionable not to know what a secular humanist is, but not wholly irresponsible intellectually to founder in trying to define it—"Actually I'm still not sure what a humanist is—maybe a cynic who plays golf on Sunday mornings and considers television evangelists a bunch of rogues, grifters, and flimflam men. So that maybe the offshoot of the holy brawl between Brother Falwell and Brother Bakker [will be] a generation of little secular humanists."

In introducing not alone the disgusting behavior of Bakker, but the controversy with Falwell, Grady brings up a point entirely removed from the principal point, which is the behavior of Jim Bakker. Whether it was necessary for Falwell to recite in such detail the specifics of his charges against Bakker we cannot know. It may be that lawyers counseled him to be specific, in order to discourage litigation. Or it may be that he felt that only by being specific could he arrest the attention of those followers of Jim Bakker who, for reasons of loyalty, have been reluctant to believe that their television minister was a man of such moral sloth.

Falwell, after all, begins by believing that televised evangelism is worth saving, and that therefore it must excrete the man who has given it a name so bad that not the preacher's sins but the preacher's preachings become the object of jokes on David Letterman's program, and of condescension by a syndicated columnist. Bakker, it is stipulated, committed adultery. And—it is charged—made homosexual advances not once but several times.

THOSE SINS of the flesh, however conspicuous, should be viewed as lawyers view attractive nuisances. That is to say, they get most of the attention because they attract such attention—though the greater sins are those of Bakker's manner of living. It is one thing at the witching hour to fall into the coils of lust. Quite something else studiedly to live as Bakker and his wife lived, begging dollars from the poor, and using them to finance a lifestyle that would embarrass a Rolling Stone. For Bakker to pronounce grandly that God has forgiven him leaves insufficient space to describe what it is that Bakker proposes to do to atone. There is only one way for the sinner to go in such circumstances. Walter Jenkins, who disappeared from the White House into anonymity after his affair, showed us the way. As did Charles Van Doren. As did Spiro Agnew. Bakker wants to hang in there, flaunting God's forgiveness, while flouting God's prescription: Repent, and sin no more.

What much of America finds itself doing is rebuking the laws of God for the transgressions of God's creatures. Really, it should be otherwise, one would think. Christ taught a hatred of hypocrisy, of deception, of greed. Was there ever a moment when such strictures as taught by Christ were more relevant than when one observes such as Jim Bakker? There is not much that he can do to cause Bob Hope, Don Rickles, and Sandy Grady to weigh what they say more carefully, but the public auction of his acquired goods includes, one notes, an air-conditioned doghouse. He should first remove the air-conditioning, and then inhabit it. □

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Solution to Last Issue's Trans-O-Gram

ROBERT INGERSOLL:

The Price

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TRANS-O-GRAM / KEM PUTNEY

DEFINITIONS

A. Start of the Jewish New Year (2 words)
103 87 71 80 40 121 27 65 9 35
130 48

B. Tack too far
138 6 84 23 50 114 102 140 31

C. 1814 treaty city
61 77 115 128 21

D. Donkey's foe
94 108 51 42 158 26 120 4

E. Adjust
68 134 86 146 45 164 13

F. 13th letter of the Hebrew alphabet
88 162 126

G. Simple
123 29 152 15 67 1 96 135 111 159
54 78 104 41 143

H. Aptly named port town in eastern Virginia
74 32 57 44 106 118 125 90 163 7

I. Distinct
63 34 105 155 22 3 127 142 72

J. Member of a strange club?
112 18 95 137 49 33 58 144 25

K. Polaris (2 words)
93 156 122 12 52 70 154 37 139

L. Onetime Asia Minor people
55 99 30 133 11 149 69

M. Nova Scotia port
24 148 131 113 75 43 16 101

N. Son of Helios
89 150 141 62 79 147 28 14

O. Like many liberal nostrums (at best)
73 19 82 124 56 97 153 110

P. Scolded
10 83 107 100 53 39

Q. Gave in
145 81 20 117 60 129 36 98

R. One kind of commerce
92 85 116 59 157 161 47 2 136 66

S. Pastry forerunner
5 76 109 119 46 160 151 17 64

T. Knitter's tale?
132 91 8 38

1 G	2 R	3 I	4 D	5 S	■	6 B	7 H	8 T	9 A	10 P	11 L	12 K	13 E	■	14 N	15 G	16 M	■	17 S
18 J	19 O	20 Q	21 C	22 I	23 B	24 M	■	25 J	26 D	27 A	■	28 N	29 G	■	30 L	31 B	32 H	■	33 J
34 I	35 A	36 Q	■	37 K	38 T	39 P	■	40 A	41 G	■	42 D	43 M	44 H	■	45 E	46 S	■	47 R	48 A
49 J	50 B	51 D	■	52 K	53 P	■	54 G	55 L	56 O	57 H	58 J	59 R	60 Q	61 C	62 N	63 I	■	64 S	65 A
66 R	■	67 G	68 E	69 L	70 K	71 A	■	72 I	73 O	■	74 H	75 M	■	76 S	77 C	78 G	79 N	■	80 A
81 Q	■	82 O	83 P	84 B	85 R	■	86 E	87 A	88 F	89 N	90 H	91 T	92 R	93 K	94 D	95 J	■	96 G	97 O
■	98 Q	99 L	100P	■	101M	102B	103A	104G	■	105I	106H	107P	108D	109S	110O	■	111G	112J	■
113M	114B	115C	116R	■	117Q	118H	119S	120D	■	121A	■	122K	123G	124O	125H	126F	127I	128C	129Q
130A	131M	132T	■	133L	134E	135G	136R	■	137J	138B	139K	■	140B	141N	142I	143G	144J	145Q	■
146E	147N	148M	149L	■	150N	151S	■	152G	153O	154K	■	155I	156K	157R	■	158D	159G	160S	161R
162F	163H	164E	■	■	■	■	■	■	■	■	■	■	■	■	■	■	■	■	■

DIRECTIONS

The object of TRANS-O-GRAM is to fill in the puzzle diagram by guessing the words from their definitions, and transferring each letter of the guessed word to the correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. When the diagram is filled in it will spell out a quotation from some published work (reading normally from left to right, black boxes indicating the ends of words); also, when the words have all been filled in above, their initial letters will spell out the author and title of the quoted work. The acrostic feature, and the relative word-lengths in the diagram, will assist in the solution. Spelling and definitions on the authority of *Webster's New International Dictionary*, Second Edition. **See page 60 for solution to last Trans-O-Gram.**

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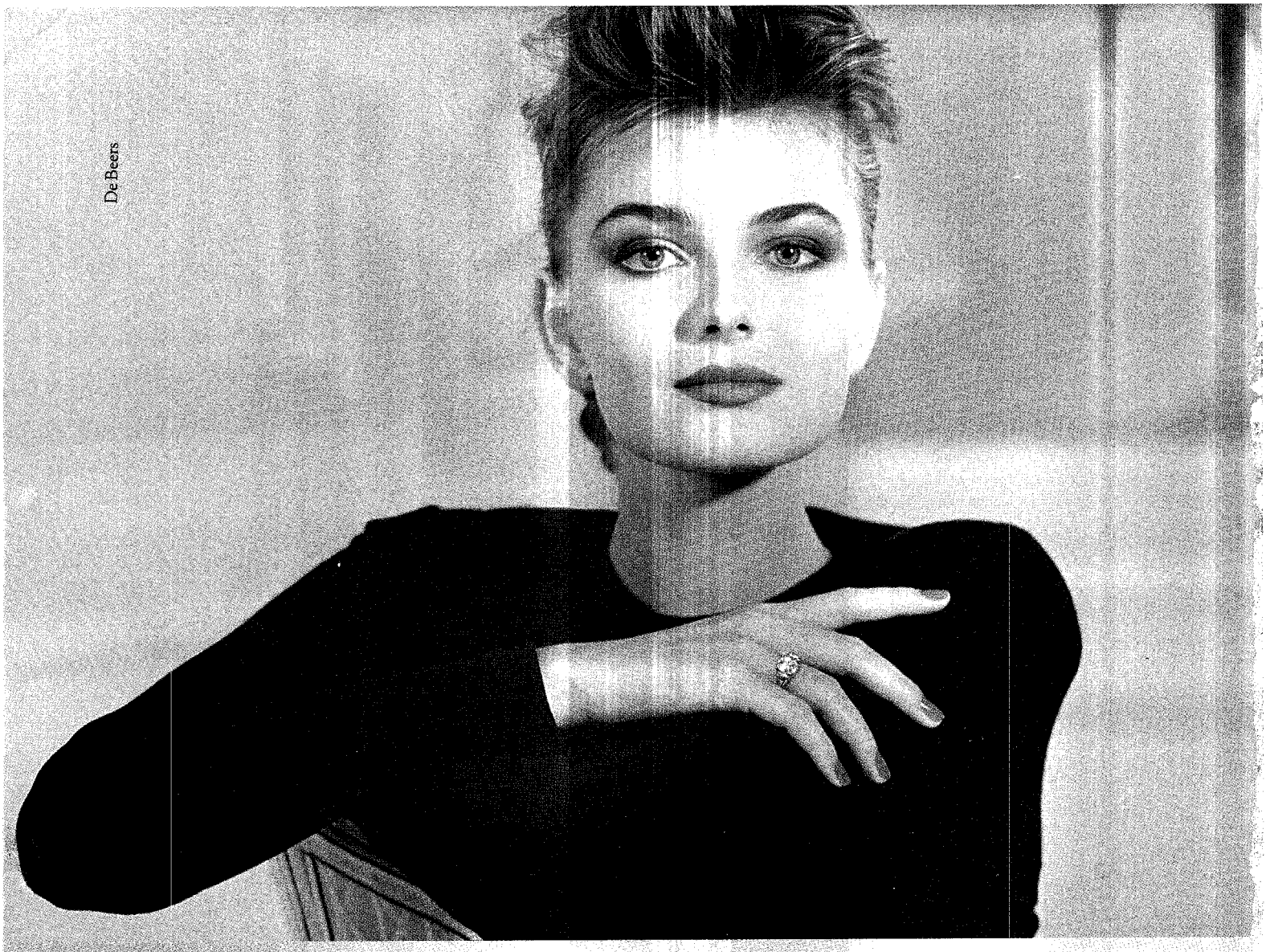
De Beers



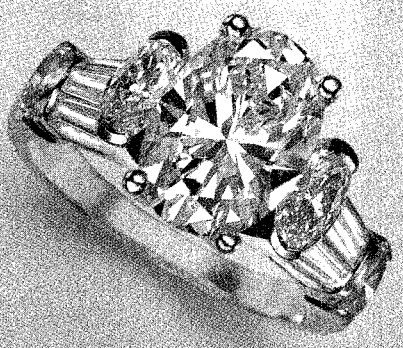
"I LOOKED AT THIS INCREDIBLE DIAMOND. I LOOKED AT HER. I HAD TO SEE THEM TOGETHER."

Every quality diamond of a carat or more is one of nature's rarest and most exquisite phenomena—with more fire, more sparkle and scintillation.

Each is a visible reflection of you. Unique in all the world, possessing four characteristics that set it apart forever. They are called the 4C's: Cut, Color, Clarity and Carat-weight. These determine the value of a diamond—and to an astonishing degree, the beauty and value of your jewelry.

Your jeweler is the expert where diamonds are concerned. His knowledge can help make the acquisition of a quality diamond of a carat or more the beautiful, rewarding experience it should be.

A diamond is forever.



The ring shown features a quality diamond of 2 carats.

A CARAT OR MORE.
EXTRAORDINARY DIAMONDS FOR EXTRAORDINARY WOMEN.

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